INDIANA EDUCATIONAL SERIES

THIRD READER

Robert Blue

INDIANA STATE SERIES

THIRD READER

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INDIANA THIRD R.

INTRODUCTION

In choosing material for reading books to be used by pupils who have already acquired some facility in recognizing word forms, the purposes of the reading lesson must be clearly apprehended. These seem to be three: first, to inculcate a love for what is best and highest in literature; second, to train the child in correct habits of thought getting from the printed page; and, third, to train him in vocal expression.

If this statement of the purposes of the reading lesson is true, it must be evident that selections of a purely scientific character, and others that may be included under the general head of "information literature," should find small space in our readers. In these days, when every schoolroom is supplied with supplementary reading, there is no dearth of information material; and, therefore, it appears unfair to the child to insert very much of such material when space might be used to much greater advantage to supply him with selections that are more essentially literary. Again, early scientific training does not consist in reading about the facts of nature, but in coming into direct contact with them. Hence, the training in science should be of a practical kind, and not that derived from the perusal of facts set down on the printed page.

The scientific matter found in the third, fourth, and fifth readers of this series is inserted to afford the teacher an opportunity to train the pupils in the manner of using such selections, rather than to develop vocal expression. Every sentence should be carefully scanned, every statement made as concrete as possible by means of drawing, illustration, and the presentation of actual objects, and the class should be held responsible for the mastery of the facts, and not for definitions or repetition of phrases, the true meaning of which they have not grasped. By this method the necessity of the utmost care in the preparation of such lessons is impressed upon the class, to the great advantage of future supplementary reading in science and history.

Selections of an historical nature find a larger place in these readers. While this class of material may generally be included under the head of "information literature," it serves yet another purpose besides that of giving facts. It is here inserted mainly for its intrinsic interest. It is vital, direct, and especially stimulating to the imagination. Together with the scientific selections it will be found to afford excellent practice in training the pupil in careful and discriminating thought getting.

Much time and careful study have been devoted to choosing and arranging the selections. It should be helpful to the teacher to understand the principles that have guided in this choice and arrangement.

In the first place, and especially in the third and fourth readers, *subjective, introspective, reflective, literature has been almost entirely eliminated.* Young children have not had the experience to appreciate the spirit of such literature, and, therefore, the selections chosen are *objective, vital, and of intrinsic interest.*

This principle of selection having been settled upon, the next test naturally applied was, *Is the selection good literature for the children for whom it is chosen?* It is not to be forgotten that literature which is too far beyond the child may be, in its confusing and discouraging effect, as harmful as matter without vital interest or literary form.

These questions answered, the next point for consideration was *whether the literary style is sufficiently simple not to interfere with the child's pleasure in reading.* Perhaps the method of selection may best be shown by illustration. Longfellow's *Bell of Atri* is, as a whole, simple in spirit, and the story, told in prose, of great interest even to very young children; but the style is far beyond them. The suspended sense and the subordinate clauses of the opening paragraph render the reading of the lines so difficult that the results from teaching them would hardly justify the teacher's effort. If the spirit of a selection is within the grasp of the child, and the selection is of high literary merit and contains but one or two difficult sentences, it may justly find a place notwithstanding the difficulties; but where rhetorical obstacles are too frequent, it is deemed advisable to omit the selection altogether or to insert it later on. It

would be well to bear this statement in mind when the teacher discovers apparently simple selections in the later portions of the book.

It is also to be noted, that this same principle determines the place of material the style of which is simple, but the spirit of which is beyond the average child. *The Day is Done*, by Longfellow, is an example of this class of selections. The style is artistically simple, but the spirit is far beyond the young child. Reading this selection casually the adult will be very likely, especially if he is desirous of choosing good literature for children, to insert this poem in the fourth, and perhaps even in the third, reader. But what child of eleven or twelve years has felt coming over him the sadness that is not akin to pain? And how, therefore, can he appreciate the *effect* of the soothing melody that the poet craves to hear? What does he know of the cares that infest the day, in the sense in which Longfellow uses the words? It is true, we may teach the superficial meaning of the words (and herein lies the danger), but anything approximating a true interpretation of the poem is hardly possible for young children. It may be said again, if the spirit of only one or two stanzas of a poem is beyond the child, it would be well to insert it notwithstanding. But we must be careful to distinguish between poems of such a character and a poem like *The Day is Done*.

The lines descriptive of the churchyard, in *Paul Revere's Ride*, are beyond the experience of the average third or fourth grade child; and yet, since the poem as a whole is by no means difficult, is good literature, and particularly interesting, we may pass over the one difficult passage and return to it, if need be, at some future time. Such a course is preferable to omitting the difficult passage altogether.

The chief use of the reader is that it may serve as an introduction to the study of literature. The great majority of our children will never come into direct contact with any art but literature. They will never see great paintings and sculpture, and never hear great music adequately rendered. But what is best in English literature is within the reach of all. It is, then, the duty of our educational system to create a taste for what is best by putting the best into the hands

of children, and training them to enjoy it — not for the information it conveys, but for its influence upon their culture and their spiritual well-being.

The notes in this series serve chiefly two ends: to explain certain unusual terms and allusions, and to assist the teacher in bringing out the literary beauty and strength. Too much stress cannot be laid upon the proper use of these notes, which are intended not so much for the class as for the teacher. The utmost care must be observed not to turn poetry into prose. It is not so much the meaning of a line as its poetic significance that the child must grasp. Further, we must remember that the true definition of a word is not another word, but a picture. By keeping this in mind we may do much not only to enhance the child's pleasure, but to increase his vocabulary and power of expression. Lastly, let the teacher thoroughly master every selection before teaching it. If a selection contains many difficulties, it is well to clear these away, whenever possible, before even announcing the lesson. Mythological, historical, and scientific allusions and references may easily be brought in at almost any time during the day; the new words may be used by the teacher in the course of any lesson; and so, by the time the reading lesson comes, many obstacles may have been removed. Particular attention of all teachers is called to the notes on *Abou Ben Adhem* and the *Daffodils* in the third reader.

Within the narrow limits of an introductory chapter it is impossible to cover the wide field of vocal expression. Although the development of literary taste, with all that term implies, is the primary object of the reading lesson, we may not overlook the expressive side of reading. The teacher, therefore, should give special care to the oral expression, endeavoring to have it natural and, above all, full of meaning and appropriate feeling.

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THE BUILDING OF THE NEST

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

THEY'LL come again to the apple tree —
  Robin and all the rest —
When the orchard branches are fair to see,
  In the snow of the blossoms drest;
And the prettiest thing in the world will be
  The building of the nest.

Weaving it well, so round and trim,
  Hollowing it with care, —
Nothing too far away for him,
  Nothing for her too fair, —
Hanging it safe on the topmost limb,
  Their castle in the air.

Ah! mother bird, you'll have weary days
When the eggs are under your breast,
And shadows may darken the dancing rays
When the wee ones leave the nest;
But they'll find their wings in a glad amaze,
And God will see to the rest.

So come to the trees with all your train
When the apple blossoms blow;
Through the April shimmer of sun and rain,
Go flying to and fro;
And sing to our hearts as we watch again
Your fairy building grow.

COMING AND GOING

HENRY WARD BEECHER

ONCE came to our fields a pair of birds that had never built a nest nor seen a winter. Oh, how beautiful was everything! The fields were full of flowers, and the grass was growing tall, and the bees were humming everywhere. Then one of the birds fell to singing, and the other bird

said, "Who told you to sing?" And he answered, "The flowers told me, and the bees told me, and the winds and leaves told me, and the blue sky told me, and you told me to sing." Then his mate answered, "When did I tell you to sing?" and he said, "Every time you brought in tender grass for the nest, and every time your soft wings fluttered off again for hair and feathers to line the nest." Then his mate said, "What are you singing about?" And he answered: "I am singing about everything and nothing. It is because I am so happy that I sing."

By and by five little speckled eggs were in the nest, and his mate said, "Is there anything in all the world as pretty as my eggs?" Then they both looked down on some people that were passing by, and pitied them because they were not birds, and had no nests with eggs in them. Then the father bird sang a melancholy song because he pitied folks that had no nests, but had to live in houses.

In a week or two, one day, when the father bird came home, the mother bird

said, "Oh, what do you think has happened?" "What?" "One of my eggs has been peeping and moving!" Pretty soon another egg moved under her feathers, and then another, and another, till five little birds were born!

Now the father bird sang longer and louder than ever. The mother bird, too, wanted to sing, but she had no time, and so she turned her song into work. So hungry were these little birds that it kept both parents busy feeding them. Away each one flew. The moment the little birds heard their wings fluttering again among the leaves, five yellow mouths flew open so wide that nothing could be seen but five yellow mouths!

"Can anybody be happier?" said the father bird to the mother bird. "We will live in this tree always, for there is no sorrow here. It is a tree that always bears joy."

The very next day one of the birds dropped out of the nest, and a cat ate it up in a minute, and only four remained; and the parent birds were very sad, and there was no song all that day nor the next.

Soon the little birds were big enough to fly, and great was their parents' joy to see them leave the nest, and sit crumpled up upon the branches. There was then a great time! One would have thought that the two old birds were talking and chattering and scolding the little birds to make them go alone.

The first bird that tried flew from one branch to another, and the parents praised him, and the other little birds wondered how he did it! And he was so vain of it that he tried again, and flew and flew, and couldn't stop flying, till he fell plump down by the house door; and then a little boy caught him and carried him into the house, and only three birds were left. Then the old birds thought that the sun was not so bright as it used to be, and they did not sing as often.

In a little time the other birds had learned to use their wings, and they flew away and away, and found their own food and made their own beds, and their parents never saw them any more!

Then the old birds sat silent, and looked at each other a long while.

At last the wife-bird said: —

"Why don't you sing?"

And he answered: —

"I can't sing — I can only think and think!"

"What are you thinking of?"

"I am thinking how everything changes, — the leaves are falling down from off this tree, and soon there will be no roof over our heads; the flowers are all gone, or going; last night there was a frost; almost all the birds are flown away, and I am very uneasy. Something calls me, and I feel restless, as if I would fly far away."

"Let us fly away together!"

Then they rose silently, and lifting themselves far up in the air, they looked to the north, — far away they saw the snow coming. They looked to the south, — there they saw green leaves! All day they flew, and all night they flew and flew, till they found a land where there was no winter — where there was summer all the time; where flowers always blossom, and birds always sing.

— *From "Norwood," by permission of Fords, Howard & Hulbert.*

SEPTEMBER

HELEN HUNT JACKSON

THE golden rod is yellow,
The corn is turning brown,
The trees in apple orchards
With fruit are bending down.

The gentian's bluest fringes
Are curling in the sun,
In dusty pods the milkweed
Its hidden silk has spun.

The sedges flaunt their harvest
In every meadow nook,
And asters by the brookside
Make asters in the brook.

From dewy lanes at morning
The grapes' sweet odors rise,
At noon the roads all flutter,
With yellow butterflies.

By all these lovely tokens
September days are here,
With summer's best of wealth
And autumn's best of cheer.

I LOVE YOU, MOTHER

Joy Allison

"I LOVE you, mother," said little John;
Then, forgetting work, his cap went on,
And he was off to the garden swing,
Leaving his mother the wood to bring.

"I love you, mother," said rosy Nell,
"I love you better than tongue can tell."
Then she teased and pouted full half the day,
Till her mother rejoiced when she went to play.

"I love you, mother," said little Fan,
"To-day I'll help you all I can;
How glad I am that school doesn't keep!"
So she rocked the babe till it fell asleep.

Then stepping softly, she took the broom,
And swept the floor, and dusted the room;
Busy and happy all day was she,
Helpful and cheerful as child could be.

"I love you, mother," again they said —
Three little children going to bed;
How do you think that mother guessed
Which of them really loved her best?

BROWNIE AND THE COOK

Miss Mulock

THERE was once a little brownie who lived in a coal cellar.

A coal cellar may seem a queer place to live in, but a brownie is a queer creature. He is a fairy, and yet not one of that sort of fairies who fly about on wings and dance in the moonlight. He never dances. As to wings, what use would they be to him in a coal cellar?

He is a sober household elf, nothing much to look at, even if you did see him, which you are not likely to do. He is only a little old man about a foot high, all dressed in brown, with a brown face and hands, just like a little brown mouse. And, like a mouse, he hides in corners, especially kitchen corners, and only comes out at night when nobody is about.

This brownie belonged to a family which he had followed from house to house for years and years.

A good many had heard him, or thought they had, when there were strange noises about the house. But nobody had even

seen him except the children. These were three little boys and three little girls, who declared he often came to play with them when they were alone.

He was full of fun and mischief, and up to all sorts of tricks; but he never did anybody any harm unless it was deserved.

Brownie was supposed to live under one particular lump of coal in the darkest corner of the cellar, which was never allowed to be disturbed. Ever since the family could remember, there had been a bowl of milk put behind the coal cellar door for the brownie's supper, and the bowl was always found empty in the morning.

The old cook, who had lived with the family all her life, never once forgot to give Brownie his supper. But at last she died and a young cook came in her stead.

She was both careless and lazy, and disliked taking the trouble to put a bowl of milk in the same place every night for Mr. Nobody. So she laughed at the other servants, who looked very grave, and put the bowl of milk in its place as often as they could, without saying much about it.

Once Brownie woke up, at his usual hour, which was ten o'clock at night, and found nothing there. At first he could not imagine such neglect, and went smelling and smelling about for his bowl of milk.

"This will never do," he said. Being very hungry, he began running about the coal cellar to see what he could find.

His eyes were as useful in the dark as in the light, like a pussy cat's; but there was nothing to be seen. There was not even a potato paring or a dry crust. There was nothing but heaps of coal and coal dust; and even a brownie cannot eat that.

"I can't stand this," said the brownie, tightening his belt. He had been asleep so long that he was ready to eat his own head or his boots, or anything. "If nobody brings my supper, I must go and get it."

Brownie put his head out of his coal cellar door, which, to his surprise, he found open. "Hurrah, here's luck," cried he, tossing his cap up in the air and bounding right into the kitchen. It was quite empty; but there was a good fire, and the remains of a good supper on the table.

There was cream, and part of a large dish of junket, which is something like curds and whey; plenty of bread-and-butter and cheese, and half an apple pudding. There was a great jug of cider, another of milk; and no end of dirty knives, forks, and plates.

All were scattered about the table in the most untidy way, just as the servants had risen from their supper, without putting anything away.

Brownie screwed up his little face, turned up his button of a nose, and gave a long whistle.

You might not believe it, seeing he lived in a coal cellar, but he really liked tidiness and always played his tricks on untidy people.

"Whew!" said he, "here's a chance. What a supper I'll get now."

What a supper he did eat! first one thing and then another, then trying everything all over again. And what a lot he drank! first milk and then cider, and then mixed the two together.

After he had nearly cleared the table, he

was just as lively as ever, and began jumping about on the tablecloth.

Now there happened to be a clean white tablecloth. It was only Monday and there had been no time for it to get dirty. And you know Brownie lived in the coal cellar and his feet were black with running about in the coal dust. So wherever he stepped he left a track, until at last the white tablecloth was covered with black marks.

Not that he minded this. In fact, he took great pains to make the cloth as dirty as possible.

Then, laughing loudly, he leaped on the hearth, and began teasing the cat; squeaking like a mouse, or chirping like a cricket, or buzzing like a bee. He disturbed poor Pussy so much that she went and hid in the corner, and left him the hearth all to himself, where he lay at ease till daylight.

Then, hearing a noise overhead, which might be the servants getting up, he jumped on the table again, ate up the few crumbs that were left, and ran off to his coal cellar. There he hid himself under his big lump of coal, and fell asleep for the day.

The cook came down stairs a little earlier than usual, for she remembered she had to clear the table, but nothing was left to put away.

Every bit of food was eaten up. The milk and cider were all drunk. As for the apple pudding, it had vanished. The dish was licked as clean as if the dog had been at it.

"Oh, my white tablecloth!" cried the cook. "What can have done it?" It was all over little foot marks, just the size of a baby's foot, only babies don't run about and climb on kitchen tables after all the family have gone to bed.

Then the cook saw the big black cat lying on the hearth, where she had crept for a little snooze after Brownie went away.

"You bad cat!" said the cook, "it's you that have eaten up all the supper. It's you that have been on my clean tablecloth with your dirty paws."

Pussy's paws were white and as clean as possible; but the foolish cook did not stop to think of that, any more than she did of the fact that cats don't drink cider.

"I'll teach you to come stealing food. Take that and that and that."

The cook got hold of a broom and beat Pussy till the poor thing ran mewing away. She couldn't speak, you know, poor cat, and tell that she hadn't done anything at all.

Next night Cook thought she would make all safe and sure. So she shut the cat up in the coal cellar, locked the door, put the key into her pocket, and went off to bed, leaving the supper as before.

When Brownie woke up and looked out of his hole, there was no supper for him and the cellar door was tight shut.

So he thought he would change himself into a mouse and gnaw a hole through the door.

But then he suddenly remembered the cat, who might eat him. So he thought it better to wait till she was fast asleep, which did not happen for a good while.

At last Pussy turned round on her tail six times, curled down in a corner, and fell fast asleep.

At once Brownie changed himself into a mouse, and gnawed a hole through the door

very quietly. Then he squeezed through and changed back into a brownie.

There was a better supper even than the night before, for the cook's brother and two of her cousins had been in to eat with her. The food they left was enough for three people, but Brownie managed to eat it all up.

Once he let the carving knife fall with such a clatter, that Tiny, the terrier, who was tied up in the kitchen, began to bark furiously. Brownie brought her puppy to her and that quieted her.

After supper he enjoyed himself amazingly. He made more marks than ever on the white tablecloth, for he began jumping about like a pea on a platter.

After that he teased the puppy a while. Then he turned into a mouse, squeezed through the hole in the cellar door, and turned into a brownie again.

When the cook came down stairs and saw that the same thing had happened again, she was greatly puzzled.

"It must have been Tiny, or her puppy," she said to herself.

She quite forgot that Tiny had been tied, and that the poor little puppy was so fat and helpless it could scarcely stand on its legs.

So she gave them both such a thrashing that they ran howling out at the kitchen door, where the kind little kitchen maid took them up in her arms.

"You ought to beat Brownie if you could catch him," said the kitchen maid. "He'll do it again and again, you'll see, for he can't bear an untidy kitchen. You'd better do as the poor old cook did; clear away the supper things, and put a bowl of milk behind the coal cellar door."

"Nonsense!" said the young cook, as she flounced away. But she thought better of it and did it.

Next morning the milk was all gone. Nobody had touched the food, for it was put away. The tablecloth, which was folded up and laid away in a drawer, came out without a single black mark upon it.

FAIRY FOLK

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

UP the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We dare not go a-hunting,
For fear of little men.

Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather.

HARRY'S RICHES

MARY MAPES DODGE

ONE day our little Harry spent the forenoon with his young playmate, Johnny Crane, who lived in a fine house, and on Sundays rode to church in a grand carriage.

When Harry returned home he said, "Mother, Johnny has money in both his pockets!"

"Has he, dear?"

"Yes, ma'am; and he says he could get ever so much more if he wanted it."

"Well, now, that's very pleasant for

him," I said; "very pleasant. Don't you think so?"

"Yes, ma'am, only"—

"Only what, Harry?"

"Why, he has a big popgun, and a watch, and a hobbyhorse, and lots of things," said Harry.

"Well, my boy, what of that?"

"Nothing, mother; only I think we are very poor, aren't we?"

"No, indeed, Harry; we are very far from being poor. We are not so rich as Mr. Crane's family, if that is what you mean."

"O mother!" insisted the little fellow, "I do think we are VERY poor; anyhow, *I* am!"

"O Harry!"

"Yes, ma'am, I am," he sobbed; "I have scarcely anything — I mean anything that's worth money — except things to eat and wear, and I'd have to have them anyway."

"*Have* to have them?" I said, at the same time laying my sewing upon the table, so that I might talk with him on this point; "do you not know, my son"—

Just then Uncle Ben looked up from the paper he had been reading. "Harry," said he, "I want to find out something about eyes; so if you will let me have yours I will give you a dollar apiece for them."

"For MY EYES!" exclaimed Harry, very much surprised.

"Yes," said Uncle Ben, quietly, "for your eyes. I will give you something so it will not hurt you, and you shall have a beautiful glass pair for nothing, to wear in their place. Come, a dollar apiece, cash down! What do you say? I will take them out as quick as a wink."

"Give you my eyes, uncle!" cried Harry, looking wild at the very thought, "I think not!" and the little fellow shook his head.

"Well, five, ten, twenty dollars, then?" Harry shook his head at every offer.

"No, sir! I wouldn't let you have them for a thousand dollars! What could I do without my eyes? I couldn't see mother, nor the baby, nor the flowers, nor the horses, nor anything," added Harry, growing warmer and warmer.

"I will give you two thousand," said

Uncle Ben, taking a roll of bank notes out of his pocket. But Harry said that he never would do any such thing.

"Very well," his uncle went on, at the same time writing something in his note-book, "I can't afford to give you more than two thousand dollars, so I shall have to do without the eyes; but," he added, "I will tell you what I will do; I will give you twenty dollars if you will let me put a few drops from this bottle into your ears. It will not hurt, but it will make you deaf. Come quickly, now. Here are the twenty dollars all ready for you."

"Make me DEAF!" shouted Harry, without even looking at the gold pieces. "You will not do that, either. Why, I couldn't hear a word if I were deaf, could I?"

"I suppose not," replied Uncle Ben. So, of course, Harry refused again. He would never give up his hearing, he said, "no, not for three thousand dollars."

Uncle Ben made another note in his book, and then came out with large bids for "a right arm," then "left arm," "hands," "feet," "nose," ending with an

offer of ten thousand dollars for "mother," and five thousand for "the baby."

To all of these offers Harry shook his head. At last Uncle Ben said he must give up, for Harry's prices were too high.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the boy, and he folded his arms, and looked as if to say, "I'd like to see the man who could buy them."

"Why, Harry, look here!" said Uncle Ben, looking into his notebook. "Here is a big sum, I tell you." The numbers amounted to thirty-two thousand dollars.

"There, Harry," said Uncle Ben, "do you not think you are foolish not to take some of my offers?"

"No, sir, I don't," answered Harry.

"Then," said Uncle Ben, "you talk of being poor; and by your own showing you have things for which you will not take thirty-two thousand dollars. What do you say to that?"

Harry didn't know what to say, and just then tears came rolling down his cheeks, and he threw his chubby arms around my neck. "Mother," he whispered, "isn't God good to make everybody so rich?"

THE ANXIOUS LEAF

HENRY WARD BEECHER

ONCE upon a time a little leaf was heard to sigh and cry, as leaves often do when a gentle wind is about. And the twig said, "What is the matter, little leaf?" And the leaf said, "The wind just told me that one day it would pull me off and throw me down to die on the ground." The twig told it to the branch on which it grew, and the branch told it to the tree. And when the tree heard it, it rustled all over, and sent back word to the leaf, "Do not be afraid; hold on tightly, and you shall not go till you want to."

And so the leaf stopped sighing, but went on nestling and singing. Every time the tree shook itself and stirred up all its leaves, the branches shook themselves, and the little twig shook itself, and the little leaf danced up and down merrily, as if nothing could ever pull it off.

And so it grew all summer long till October. And when the bright days of autumn came, the little leaf saw all the leaves

around becoming very beautiful. Some were yellow, and some scarlet, and some striped with both colors. Then it asked the tree what it meant? And the tree said, "All these leaves are getting ready to fly away, and they have put on these beautiful colors, because of joy."

Then the little leaf began to want to go, and grew very beautiful in thinking of it, and when it was very gay in color it saw that the branches of the tree had no color in them, and so the leaf said, "Oh, branches! why are you lead color and we golden?"

"We must keep on our work clothes," said the branches, "for our life is not done; but your clothes are for holiday, because your tasks are over."

Just then a little puff of wind came, and the leaf let go without thinking of it, and the wind took it up, and turned it over and over, and whirled it like a spark of fire in the air and then it fell gently down under the edge of the fence among hundreds of leaves, and fell into a dream and never waked up to tell what it dreamed about.

— From "Norwood," by permission of Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

THE SWALLOW

Christina G. Rossetti

Fly away, fly away over the sea,
Sun-loving swallow, for summer is done;
Come again, come again, come back to me,
Bringing the summer and bringing the sun.

HOW THE LEAVES CAME DOWN

Susan Coolidge

I'll tell you how the leaves came down.
The great Tree to his children said:
"You're getting sleepy, Yellow and Brown,
Yes, very sleepy, little Red.
It is quite time to go to bed."

"Ah!" begged each silly, pouting leaf,
"Let us a little longer stay;
Dear Father Tree, behold our grief!
'Tis such a very pleasant day,
We do not want to go away."

So, for just one more merry day
To the great Tree the leaflets clung,

Frolicked and danced, and had their way,
Upon the autumn breezes swung,
Whispering all their sports among —

"Perhaps the great Tree will forget,
And let us stay until the spring,
If we all beg, and coax, and fret."
But the great Tree did no such thing;
He smiled to hear their whispering.

"Come, children, all to bed," he cried;
And ere the leaves could urge their prayer,
He shook his head, and far and wide,
Fluttering and rustling everywhere,
Down sped the leaflets through the air.

I saw them; on the ground they lay,
Golden and red, a huddled swarm,
Waiting till one from far away,
White bedclothes heaped upon her arm,
Should come to wrap them safe and warm.

The great bare Tree looked down and smiled.
"Good night, dear little leaves," he said.
And from below each sleepy child
Replied, "Good night," and murmurèd,
"It is so nice to go to bed!"

— *Copyright*, 1880, *by Robert's Brothers.*

MY HEART LEAPS UP WHEN I BEHOLD

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!

THE UGLY DUCKLING

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

It was lovely summer weather in the country, and the golden corn, the green oats, and the haystacks in the meadows looked beautiful. On a sunny slope stood a pleasant old farmhouse, close by a deep river. Under some big burdock leaves on the bank sat a duck on her nest, waiting for her young brood to hatch; she was beginning to get tired of her task, for the little ones were a long time coming out of their shells.

At length one shell cracked, and then another, and from each egg came a living creature that lifted its head and cried,

STATUE IN LINCOLN PARK, CHICAGO

"Peep, peep." "Quack, quack," said the mother, and then they all quacked as well as they could, and looked about them on

every side at the large green leaves. Their mother let them look as much as they liked, because green is good for the eyes.

"How large the world is," said the young ducks, when they found how much more room they now had than while they were inside the eggshell. "Do you imagine this is the whole world?" asked the mother; "wait till you have seen the garden; it stretches far beyond that to the parson's field, but I have never gone so far."

"Are you all out?" she continued, rising; "no, I declare, the largest egg lies there still. I wonder how long this is to last, I am quite tired of it;" and she seated herself again on the nest.

"Well, how are you getting on?" asked an old duck, who paid her a visit.

"One egg is not hatched yet," said the duck, "it will not break. But just look at all the others, are they not the prettiest little ducklings you ever saw?"

"Let me see the egg that will not hatch," said the old duck; "I have no doubt it is a turkey's egg. I was persuaded to hatch some once, and after all my care and trouble

with the young ones, they were afraid of the water. I quacked and clucked, but all to no purpose. I could not get them to venture in. Let me look at the egg. Yes, that is a turkey's egg; take my advice, leave it where it is, and teach the other children to swim."

"I think I will sit on it a little while longer," said the duck; "I have sat so long already, a few days will be nothing."

"Please yourself," said the old duck, and she went away.

At last the large egg hatched, and a young one crept forth, crying, "Peep, peep." It was very large and ugly. The duck stared at it, and exclaimed, "It is very large, and not at all like the others. I wonder if it really is a turkey. We shall soon find out when we go to the water. It must go in, if I have to push it in myself."

On the next day the weather was delightful, and the sun shone brightly on the green burdock leaves, so the mother duck took her young brood down to the water, and jumped in with a splash. "Quack, quack," cried she, and one after another the

little ducklings jumped in. The water closed over their heads, but they came up again in an instant, and swam about quite prettily with their legs paddling under them as easily as possible, and the ugly duckling swam with them.

"Oh," said the mother, "that is not a turkey; how well he uses his legs, and how upright he holds himself! He is my own child, and he is not so very ugly after all if you look at him properly. Quack, quack! come with me now, I will take you to the farmyard, but you must keep close to me, or you may be trodden upon; and, above all, beware of the cat."

The ducklings did as they were bid, and, when they came to the yard, the other ducks stared, and said, "Look, here comes another brood, as if there were not enough of us already! and what a queer-looking object one of them is; we don't want him here," and then one flew at him and bit him in the neck.

"Let him alone," said his mother: "he is not doing any harm."

"Yes, but he is too big and ugly," said

the spiteful duck, "and therefore he must be turned out."

They soon got to feel at home in the farmyard. But the poor duckling that had crept out of his shell last of all and looked so ugly, was bitten and pushed and made

fun of, not only by the ducks, but by all the poultry.

"He is very much too big," they all said.

Then the turkey cock puffed himself out and flew at the duckling, and became quite red in the head with passion, so that the poor little thing did not know where to go,

and was quite miserable because he was so ugly and laughed at by the whole farmyard. It went on from day to day, till it got worse and worse. The poor duckling was driven about by every one. Even his brothers and sisters were unkind to him, and would say, "Ah, you ugly creature, I wish the cat would get you."

His mother said she wished he had never been born. The ducks pecked him, the chickens beat him, and the girl who fed the poultry kicked him. So at last he ran away, frightening the little birds in the hedge as he flew over the palings.

"They are afraid of me because I am so ugly," he said. So he closed his eyes, and flew still farther, until he came out on a large moor, inhabited by wild ducks. Here he remained the whole night, feeling very tired and sorrowful.

In the morning, when the wild ducks rose in the air, they stared at their new comrade. "What sort of duck are you?" they all said, coming round him.

He bowed to them, and was as polite as he could be, but he did not reply to their

question. "You are exceedingly ugly," said the wild ducks; "but that will not matter if you do not marry into our family." Poor thing! all he wanted was to stay among the rushes, and find something to eat and drink.

After he had been on the moor two days, some men came to shoot the birds there. How they terrified the poor duckling! He hid himself among the reeds, and lay quite still, when suddenly a dog came running by him, and went splash into the water without touching him. "Oh," sighed the duckling, "how thankful I am for being so ugly; even a dog will not bite me."

It was late in the day before all became quiet, but even then the poor young thing did not dare to move. He waited for several hours, and then hastened away from the moor as fast as he could. He ran over field and meadow till a storm arose, and he could hardly struggle against it.

Toward evening he reached a poor little cottage. The duckling was so tired that he could go no farther. He sat down by the cottage, and then he noticed that there was a hole near the bottom of the door large

enough for him to slip through, which he did very quietly, and got a shelter for the night.

A woman, a tom cat, and a hen lived in this cottage. The tom cat, whom his mistress called "My little son," was a great favorite; he could raise his back, and purr, and could even throw out sparks from his fur if it were stroked the wrong way. The hen had very short legs, so she was called "Chickie short legs." She laid good eggs, and her mistress loved her as if she had been her own child. In the morning the strange visitor was discovered, and the tom cat began to purr, and the hen to cluck.

"What is that noise about?" said the old woman, looking round the room; but her sight was not very good; therefore, when she saw the duckling she thought it must be a fat duck that had strayed from home. "Oh, what a prize!" she exclaimed, "I hope it is not a drake, for then I shall have some duck's eggs. I must wait and see." So the duckling was allowed to remain on trial for three weeks, but there were no eggs.

Now the tom cat was the master of the house, and the hen was the mistress, and they always said, "We and the world"; for they believed themselves to be half the world, and the better half, too. The duckling thought that others might hold a different opinion on the subject, but the hen would not listen to such doubts. "Can you lay eggs?" she asked. "No." "Then have the goodness to hold your tongue." "Can you raise your back, or purr, or throw out sparks?" said the tom cat. "No." "Then you have no right to express an opinion when sensible people are speaking."

So the duckling sat in a corner, very low spirited, till the sunshine and the fresh air came into the room through the open door. Then he began to feel such a great longing for a swim on the water that he could not help telling the hen.

"What an absurd idea," said the hen. "You have nothing else to do, therefore you have foolish fancies. If you could purr or lay eggs, they would pass away."

"But it is delightful to swim about on the water," said the duckling, "and so re-

freshing to feel it close over your head, while you dive down to the bottom."

"Delightful, indeed," said the hen; "why, you must be crazy! Ask the cat, he is the cleverest animal I know, ask him how he would like to swim about on the water, or to dive under it, for I will not speak of my own opinion; ask our mistress, the old woman — there is no one in the world more clever than she is. Do you think she would like to swim, or to let the water close over her head?"

"You don't understand me," said the duckling.

"We don't understand you? Who can understand you, I wonder? Do you consider yourself more clever than the cat or the old woman? I will say nothing of myself. Don't imagine such nonsense, child, and thank your good fortune that you have been received here. Are you not in a warm room and in society from which you may learn something? But you are a chatterer, and your company is not very agreeable. Believe me, I speak only for your good. I may tell you unpleasant truths, but that is

a proof of my friendship. I advise you, therefore, to lay eggs and learn to purr as quickly as possible."

"I believe I must go out into the world again," said the duckling.

"Yes, do," said the hen.

So the duckling left the cottage, and soon found water on which he could swim and dive. But he was avoided by all other animals because he was so ugly.

Autumn came, and the leaves in the forest turned to orange and gold. Then, as winter approached, the wind caught them as they fell and whirled them in the cold air. The clouds, heavy with hail and snowflakes, hung low in the sky, and the raven stood on the ferns, crying, "Croak, croak." It made one shiver with cold to look at him. All this was very sad for the poor little duckling.

One evening there came a large flock of beautiful birds out of the bushes. The duckling had never seen any like them before. They were swans, and they curved their graceful necks, while their soft plumage shone with dazzling whiteness. They

uttered a singular cry, as they spread their glorious wings and flew away from those cold regions to warmer countries far across the sea.

As they mounted higher and higher in the air, the ugly little duckling felt a strange sensation as he watched them. He whirled himself in the water like a wheel, stretched out his neck toward them, and uttered a cry so strange that it frightened himself. Could he ever forget those beautiful, happy birds; and when at last they were out of his sight, he dived under the water, and rose almost beside himself with excitement.

He knew not the names of these beautiful birds, but he felt toward them as he had never felt for any other bird in the world. He was not envious of them, but he wished to be as lovely as they. Poor ugly creature, how gladly he would have lived even with the ducks, had they only given him encouragement!

The winter grew colder and colder. Sometimes he was obliged to swim about on the water to keep it from freezing, but every night the space on which he swam

became smaller and smaller. At length it froze so hard that the ice in the water crackled as he moved, and the duckling had to paddle with his legs as well as he could, to keep the space from closing up. He became exhausted at last, and lay still and helpless, frozen fast in the ice.

Early in the morning, a farmer, who was passing by, saw what had happened. He broke the ice in pieces with his wooden shoe, and carried the duckling home to his wife. The warmth revived the poor little creature; but when the children wanted to play with him, the duckling thought they would do him some harm, so he started up in terror, fluttered into the milk pan, and splashed the milk about the room. Then the woman clapped her hands, which frightened him still more. He flew first into the butter cask, then into the meal tub.

What a sorry condition he was in! The woman screamed, and struck at him with the tongs; the children laughed and screamed, and tumbled over each other in their efforts to catch him, but luckily he escaped. The door stood open; the poor

creature could just manage to slip out among the bushes, and lie down quite exhausted in the newly fallen snow.

It would be sad if I were to relate all the misery and privations which the poor little duckling endured during the hard winter; but when it had passed he found himself lying one morning in a moor, amongst the rushes. He felt the warm sun shining, and heard the lark singing, and saw that all around was beautiful spring.

Then the young bird felt that his wings were strong, as he flapped them against his sides, and rose high into the air. They bore him onward, until he found himself in a large garden, before he well knew how it had happened.

The apple trees were in blossom, and the fragrant elders bent their long green branches down to the stream which wound round a smooth lawn. Everything looked beautiful in the freshness of early spring.

From a thicket close by came three beautiful swans, rustling their feathers, and swimming lightly over the smooth water.

The duckling remembered the lovely birds, and felt more strangely unhappy then ever.

"I will fly to these royal birds," he exclaimed, "and they will kill me, because I am so ugly, and dare to approach them; but it does not matter: better be killed by them than pecked by the ducks, beaten by the hens, or starved with hunger in the winter."

Then he flew to the water, and swam toward the beautiful swans. The moment they espied the stranger, they rushed to meet him with outstretched wings.

"Kill me," said the poor bird; and he bent his head down to the surface of the water, and awaited death.

But what did he see in the clear stream below? His own image; no longer a dark, gray bird, ugly and disagreeable to look at, but a graceful and beautiful swan; and the great swans swam round the newcomer, and stroked his neck with their beaks, as a welcome.

Into the garden presently came some little children, and threw bread and cake into the water.

"See," cried the youngest, "there is a new one;" and the rest were delighted, and ran to their father and mother, dancing and clapping their hands, and shouting joyously, "There is another swan come, a new one!"

Then they threw more bread and cake into the water, and said, "The new one is the most beautiful of all; he is so young and pretty."

And the old swans bowed their heads before him.

Then he felt quite ashamed, and hid his head under his wing; for he did not know what to do, he was so happy, and yet not at all proud. He had been despised for his ugliness, and now he heard them say he was the most beautiful of all the birds.

Even the elder tree bent down its boughs into the water before him, and the sun shone warm and bright. Then he rustled his feathers, curved his slender neck, and cried joyfully, from the depths of his heart, "I never dreamed of such happiness as this, while I was an ugly duckling."

— *Adapted from Hans Christian Andersen.*

A LEGEND

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS

I LIKE that old, kind legend
Not found in Holy Writ,
And wish that John or Matthew
Had made Bible out of it.

But though it is not Gospel,
There is no law to hold
The heart from growing better
That hears the story told: —

How the little Jewish children
Upon a summer day,
Went down across the meadows
With the Christ Child to play.

And in the gold-green valley,
Where low the reed grass lay,
They made them mock mud sparrows,
Out of the meadow clay.

So, when these all were fashioned,
And ranged in rows about,
"Now," said the little Jesus,
"We'll let the birds fly out."

Then all the happy children
Did call, and coax, and cry —
Each to his own mud sparrow:
"Fly, as I bid you! Fly!"

But earthen were the sparrows,
And earth they did remain,
Though loud the Jewish children
Cried out, and cried again.

Except the one bird only
The little Lord Christ made;
The earth that owned Him Master,
His earth heard and obeyed.

Softly he leaned and whispered:
"Fly up to heaven! Fly!"
And swift, His little sparrow
Went soaring to the sky,

And silent, all the children
Stood, awestruck, looking on,
Till, deep into the heavens,
The bird of earth had gone.

FOUR LITTLE THINGS

THERE be four things which are little upon
the earth,
But they are exceeding wise:
The ants are a people not strong,
Yet they provide their meat in summer;
The conies are but a feeble folk,
Yet they make their houses in the rocks;
The locusts have no king,
Yet they go forth all of them by bands;
The spider taketh hold with her hands,
And is in kings' palaces.

— *Bible.*

HOW A DOG GOT HIS DINNER

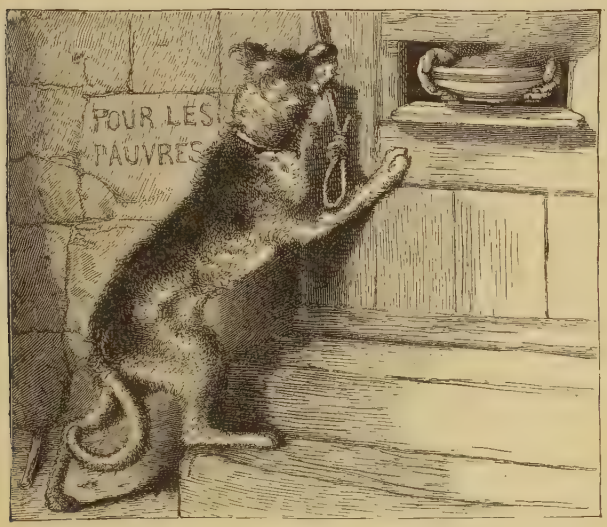
IN a certain town twenty poor people were served with dinner every day. A dog belonging to the place was always present at this meal, to watch for the scraps that were now and then thrown to him.

The guests, however, were poor and hungry, and, of course, not very liberal. So the poor dog hardly did more than smell the feast of which he would have liked a share.

Now, it happened that this dinner was

served out to each one when he rang the bell. But the person who served the dinner handed it through a small opening, and did not see who received it.

One day the dog, having himself got very little to eat, reached up, took hold of the



rope by his teeth, and rang the bell. A good dinner was at once handed out, and the dog ate it with great delight.

The rogue was at length found out, but it was thought so clever a trick for a dog, that he was allowed to take his regular

turn at the dinner every day. And thus he went on for a long time, ringing the bell, and taking his meal with the other beggars.

THE WIND

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

I SAW you toss the kites on high,
And blow the birds about the sky;
And all around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts across the grass, —
O wind, a-blowing all day long!
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid.
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all, —
O wind, a-blowing all day long!
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold!
O blower! are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field and tree,
Or just a stronger child than me?
O wind, a-blowing all day long!
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

PENN'S TREATY WITH THE INDIANS

N. S. Dodge

When William Penn had received a large grant of land from the king, and had sailed with many Quakers for America, he made laws about the treatment of the Indians.

He knew how badly some of the other colonies had treated the poor natives, and he determined that it should not be so in Pennsylvania.

The Indians were to be dealt with fairly. Their lands were not to be taken away by force, but to be bought and paid for. There was to be no quarreling. If a white man cheated or hurt an Indian, he was to be punished. They were all to live together as brothers.

When the Quaker colonists were landed, Penn sent a messenger to the neighboring Indians to come together and see him on a certain day.

He wanted a great Indian council of old men and young men, chiefs and braves, women and children, to hear what he had to say. They were to be told that he was

a man of peace, and that neither he nor his men would bring any weapons to the council.

The Indians gladly accepted the invitation. On the appointed day the woods were full of Indians, with their squaws and pappooses, hastening to the meeting.

There was no war whoop. There were no arrows shot nor tomahawks hurled. There were no savage yells. Everything was peaceful. All around was heard the prattle of children to their laughing mothers, mingled with the piping of bluejays and the songs of blackbirds.

It was a charming spot which Penn had chosen. From the hill top where all the crowd was gathered could be seen the river flowing between green meadows. Great forests covered the distant mountains.

All around were blossoming trees and budding shrubbery, spreading oaks and tall pines, sweet-scented foliage and bright-colored wild flowers, and overhead was the great blue firmament.

First the old men sat on the ground in a half circle. Then the warriors sat behind them. In the third half circle sat the young

men. The women and children stayed outside.

When all was still, a stoutish man, with a red face beaming good nature, stood up and began to speak.

He wore no arms. There were no soldiers around him. He was clad in a suit of drab-colored clothes and wore a broad-brim hat which he did not remove from his head. This was William Penn.

The Indians listened attentively while the interpreter told them what Penn said. As

he explained that the great God above is father of both white men and red men, and that all are brothers and should live together in peace, an Indian every now and then would say, "Ugh," which meant, "That is good."

After he had finished, a pipe was lighted and passed around, every one taking a whiff.

The Indians then talked with one another and agreed that all Penn had said was good. "It is better to be friends than enemies," they said, "and we will make a treaty with the white men."

This was done, and for many years it was not broken. Indians and whites hunted and fished, bought and sold, together, without a quarrel.

There were no wars. The colony grew prosperous. The Indians kept their word. White men found out for the first time that savages are much as they are treated, — good when you treat them well, and bad when you treat them badly.

A LEGEND OF THE NORTHLAND

PHŒBE CARY

AWAY and away in the Northland,
Where the hours of the day are few,
And the nights are so long in winter,
They cannot sleep them through;

Where they harness the swift reindeer
To the sledges, when it snows;
And the children look like bears' cubs
In their funny, furry clothes;

They tell them a curious story —
I don't believe it's true,
And yet you may learn a lesson
If I tell the tale to you.

Once when the good St. Peter
Lived in the world below,
And went about it, preaching,
Just as he did, you know;

He came to the door of a cottage,
In traveling round the earth,
Where a little woman was making cakes,
And baking them on the hearth;

And being faint with fasting,
For the day was almost done,
He asked her, from her store of cakes,
To give him a single one.

So she made a very little cake,
But as it baking lay,
She looked at it, and thought it seemed
Too large to give away.

Therefore she kneaded another,
And still a smaller one;
But it looked, when she turned it over,
As large as the first had done.

Then she took a tiny scrap of dough,
And rolled and rolled it flat;
And baked it thin as a wafer —
But she couldn't part with that.

For she said, "My cakes that seem too small
When I eat of them myself,
Are yet too large to give away."
So she put it on the shelf.

Then the good St. Peter grew angry,
For he was hungry and faint;

And surely such a woman
Was enough to provoke a saint.

And he said, "You are far too selfish
To dwell in human form,
To have both food and shelter,
And fire to keep you warm.

"Now you shall build as the birds do,
And shall get your scanty food
By boring and boring and boring,
All day in the hard, dry wood."

Then up she went through the chimney,
Never speaking a word,
And out of the top flew a woodpecker,
For she was changed to a bird.

She had a scarlet cap on her head,
And that was left the same,
But all the rest of her clothes were burned
Black as a coal in the flame.

And every country school boy
Has seen her in the wood;
Where she lives in the trees till this very day,
Boring and boring for food.

A CHILD'S DREAM OF A STAR

CHARLES DICKENS

THERE was once a child and he strolled about a great deal, and thought of a number of things. He had a sister who was a child, too, and his constant companion.

These two used to wonder all day long. They wondered at the beauty of the flowers. They wondered at the height and blueness of the sky. They wondered at the depth of the bright water. They wondered at the goodness and power of God, who made the lovely world.

They used sometimes to say to each other, "Supposing all the children upon earth were to die, would the flowers, and the water, and the sky be sorry?"

They believed they would.

"For," said they, "the birds are the children of the flowers. The playful little streams that gambol down the hillside are the children of the water. The smallest bright specks playing at hide and seek in the sky all night are the children of the stars. And they would all be grieved to see

their playmates, the children of men, no more."

There was one clear, shining star that used to come out before the rest, near the church spire. It was larger and more beautiful, they thought, than all the others. Every night they watched for it, standing hand in hand at the window. Whoever saw it first cried out, "I see the star." Often they cried out both together, knowing so well when it would rise, and where.

So they grew to be such friends with it that before lying down on their beds they always looked out once again to bid it good-night; and when they were turning around to sleep, they used to say, "God bless the star!"

But while she was still very young, the sister drooped and became so weak that she could no longer stand in the window at night.

Then the child looked sadly out by himself. When he saw the star, he turned around, and said to the patient, pale face on the bed, "I see the star!" Then a smile would come on the face, and a little weak

voice used to say, "God bless my brother and the star!"

And so the time came when the child looked out alone, and when there was no face on the bed; and when there was a little grave among the graves, not there before; and when the star made long rays down toward him, as he saw it through his tears.

Now these rays were so bright, and they seemed to make such a shining way from earth to heaven, that, when the child went to his solitary bed, he dreamed about the star. He dreamed that, lying where he was, he saw a train of people taken up that sparkling road by angels. And the star, opening, showed him a great world of light, where many more such angels waited to receive them.

All the angels who were waiting, turned their beaming eyes upon the people who were carried up into the stars. Some came out from the long rows in which they stood, and fell upon the people's necks and kissed them tenderly, and went away with them down avenues of light, and were so happy in their company, that, lying in his bed, he wept for joy.

But there were many angels who did not go with them, and among them was one he knew. The patient face that once had lain upon the bed was glorified and radiant, but his heart found out his sister among all the host.

His sister's angel lingered near the entrance of the star, and said to the leader among those who brought the people: —

"Is my brother come?" And he said, "No."

She was turning hopefully away, when the child stretched out his arms, and cried, "O sister, I am here! Take me!"

Then she turned her beaming eyes upon him, and it was night; and the star was shining into the room, making long rays down toward him, as he saw it through his tears.

From this hour forth, the child looked out upon the star as on a home he was to go to when his time should come.

There was a baby born to be a brother to the child; and while he was so little that he never yet had spoken a word, he stretched his tiny form out upon the bed and died.

Again the child dreamed of the opened star, and of the company of angels, and the train of people, and the rows of angels with their beaming eyes all turned upon those people's faces.

Said the sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?" And he said, "Not that one, but another."

As the child beheld his brother's angel in her arms, he cried, "O sister, I am here! Take me!" And she turned and smiled upon him, and the star was shining.

He grew to be a young man, and was busy at his books, when an old servant came to him and said: —

"Thy mother is no more. I bring her blessing on her darling son!"

Again, at night, he saw the star, and all that former company. Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?" And he said, "Thy mother!"

A mighty cry of joy went forth through all the star, because the mother was united to her two children. And he stretched out his arms and cried, "O mother, sister, and brother, I am here! Take me!" And they

answered him, "Not yet;" and the star was shining.

He grew to be a man whose hair was turning gray, and he was sitting in his chair by the fireside, heavy with grief, and with his face bedewed with tears, when the star opened once again.

Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Nay, but his maiden daughter."

And the man, who had been the child, saw his daughter, newly lost to him, a celestial creature among those three, and he said, "My daughter's head is on my sister's bosom. Her arm is round my mother's neck, at her feet is the baby of old time. I can bear the parting from her."

Thus the child came to be an old man. His once smooth face was wrinkled. His steps were slow and feeble, and his back was bent. One night, as he lay upon his bed, his children standing around, he cried, as he had cried so long ago, "I see the star!"

They whispered, "He is dying."

And he said, "I am. My age is falling

from me as a garment. I move toward the star as a little child. And O my Father, now I thank Thee that it has so often opened to receive those dear ones who await me."

And the star was shining.

THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM

THE Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
He leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul:
He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness
for his name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of
the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil; for thou art with me:
Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.
Thou preparest a table before me in the
presence of mine enemies:
Thou hast anointed my head with oil;
My cup runneth over.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me
all the days of my life:
And I will dwell in the house of the Lord
forever.

JOAN OF ARC

CHARLES DICKENS

At the time Joan of Arc lived, France and England had been at war nearly a hundred years.

France had no real king. The old king had died, and his son, the dauphin, had never been crowned with the sacred ceremonies, although he had been proclaimed king. The reason for this was that the English held Rheims, and all the French kings were crowned in Rheims and anointed with oil from the sacred ampulla which was kept there.

The French were superstitious, and they were afraid to accept the dauphin as their king by divine right until he had been anointed with the sacred oil.

The English claimed that their young king was the rightful king of France as well as of England. The French were uncertain as to which they should support, and they did not fight bravely. So they were always defeated.

IN the little village of Domremy among the wild hills of France there lived a peasant girl called Joan of Arc.

The people of that time were simple and credulous. They believed in demons and witches. In the forest near Joan's home, mass was said every year to drive out the fairies. People had strange dreams, and believed them. They saw strange shapes in the clouds, and thought them visions.

Joan of Arc kept her father's sheep in a

lonely forest, and seldom saw other children. She often tended cattle and sheep for whole days, where no human figure was seen or human voice heard.

She could neither read nor write, but she knew the legends of the martyrs by heart; for her mother often told them to her. She had heard music and seen pictures of angels and saints in the church.

Near her father's house there was a road, and soldiers in armor often passed by. A great battle, in which France was defeated, had been fought not far off, and Joan often heard the old men talk of it.

Joan knew that the English held possession of a large part of France, and that the dauphin had never been crowned with the sacred ceremonies. She knew also that if he could be, the discouraged French would take heart to fight more bravely.

All through the long days in the forest she thought of these things, and often prayed God to deliver her suffering country. When she was thirteen, she heard, or thought she heard, voices from heaven, telling her to go to help the dauphin.

Sometimes a great unearthly light fell about her, and in the light she beheld an angel dressed in armor of gold, who said, "Joan, thou art appointed by God to save France."

At last she told her father of her visions, and asked him to let her go to the dauphin; but her father said, "A girl's place is at home, and not in the court of the king." So Joan went back to the forest and watched her sheep, but when the church bells rang, the voices still sounded in her ears.

People heard of Joan's strange visions and believed in them, for they thought miracles occurred daily. They believed that Joan had really heard the voices and seen the angel.

At last, when she was eighteen, the angel and the voices never left her. By their direction, she set out on a long journey to find a certain knight, who, the voices said, would send her to the dauphin.

The journey was long, and her way lay through a wild country, full of soldiers and robbers; but she reached the town where the knight lived, in safety.

THE VISION OF JOAN OF ARC

When he heard that a poor peasant girl wished to see him because she was sent by God to save France, he burst out laughing. But he soon heard so much about her praying in churches and doing no harm to any one that he sent for her.

When the knight had talked with Joan, he thought it worth while to send her to a town near by, where the dauphin was. So he gave her a horse and a sword and two squires to show her the way. Joan dressed herself in armor like a soldier, girded her sword to her side, bound spurs upon her heels, and rode away.

When she entered the palace where the dauphin was, he was in the midst of a great number of gentlemen, all richly dressed; but, it is said, Joan pointed him out at once.

At first the dauphin doubted her, and asked for a sign to show him that she really was sent by Heaven. Joan told him that there was an old, old sword marked with five crosses on the blade, in the Cathedral of St. Catherine, which St. Catherine herself had told her, in a vision, to wear.

No one had heard of such a sword, and the dauphin sent to see if it was there, and the sword was found. Then the dauphin and the people believed that Joan had really been sent by God.

So Joan mounted horse again, and again rode on and on, till she came to Orleans. But she rode now as never peasant girl had ridden yet.

She rode on a white war horse, in a suit of glittering armor, with the old, old sword in her belt; with a white banner carried before her, upon which were the name of God and the lilies of France.

In this splendid state, at the head of a body of soldiers bearing food for the starving people, she came to the gates of Orleans, which had long been besieged by the English.

There was an old prophecy which said that a maid would some day deliver Orleans from great danger. So when the people on the walls saw Joan in her white armor, they cried, "The Maid is come, the Maid is come!"

The sight of the Maid at the head of the

men made the French so bold and the English so full of fear that the food was soon got into the city, and Orleans was saved. From that time Joan was called the Maid of Orleans.

After a solemn service of thanksgiving in the churches, Joan sent a letter to the Englishmen telling them to go away, but they did not go. Then she sent another letter asking them to join the French in a crusade to the Holy Land, but this also they refused to do.

So she mounted her white war horse again, and rode boldly out at the head of her army, carrying her white banner in her hand. She told the soldiers to watch the banner, and when she touched the wall of the English fort with it, to plant their ladders and climb up.

The English archers stood upon the walls, waiting for the French to come near, but when they saw the Maid with her gleaming sword and her white banner, they stood as if spellbound.

In the French army every eye was fixed on the white banner.

On swept the French with the Maid at their head. The white banner touched the wall. Out sprang the Frenchmen, and planted their ladders. The Englishmen hurled down great rocks, and shot their arrows in showers, but it was too late.

The Maid planted a ladder, with her own hands, and cried, "Friends, friends, be of good courage! Up! up! They have all been delivered into our hands!" Up went the Frenchmen in the face of the English battle axes, and the fort was won.

When the battle was over, Joan wept like any other girl to see so many dead men. She leaped from her war horse to pray beside the dying. She gave food and water to the wounded English as well as to the French.

Several other forts were delivered up without a battle. Then Joan defeated all the remainder of the English army in that part of the country, and set up her victorious banner on a field where twelve hundred English soldiers lay dead.

She now urged the dauphin to go to Rheims to be crowned. The dauphin was

in no hurry to do this because Rheims was a long way off, and the English were still strong in the country through which the road lay.

However, they set forth with ten thousand men, and again the Maid of Orleans rode on and on upon her white war horse, and in her shining armor.

At last they reached Rheims, and the dauphin was crowned Charles the Seventh, in the presence of a great crowd of people.

Then the Maid, who, with her white banner, stood beside the king in his hour of triumph, kneeled down upon the pavement at his feet and said, with tears in her eyes, that now her work was done, that all she asked was leave to go back to her father.

Ah, happy had it been for the Maid of Orleans if she had been allowed to put on her rustic dress that day, and go back to the little church and the wild hills of her home.

But the king said, "No," and kept her with him, though he no longer did exactly as she said. When everything went well,

the king did as he pleased. When anything went wrong, he asked Joan's advice.

In a short time he would not listen to her at all, but she still went into battle with the soldiers.

At last, one day, when she was in the midst of the English, all the French rode away, and she was left alone in the retreat. She faced about, fighting bravely to the last; but an archer pulled her from her horse.

Joan was taken to prison in chains, and there she was kept a long time, shut out from the sunshine and free air of heaven.

From the moment of her capture, neither the French king nor any man in all his court raised a finger to save her.

She had often longed for her old, simple life in the forest, and begged the king to let her go back. Now, in the darkness and loneliness of her prison, she grew ill from homesickness.

Often she was led out of prison and taken before the most learned men of the country, who asked her hard questions and tried to make her contradict herself. They tried to

make her say she was a witch, and that her power came from Satan. But Joan always said she had been sent by God to save France. At last she was condemned to death as a witch.

It was near Easter time, when the flowers she had longed for were brightest. The earth was green and beautiful, and the birds sang gayly from every tree. A high scaffold was built in the city square; and here, in 1431, being then about nineteen years of age, Joan of Arc underwent her martyrdom.

When all was ready, she was brought by a great number of soldiers. All the streets were thronged with people, eager to see the witch. She was led to the top of the scaffold, and tied to a stake.

A priest stood at her side, praying for her. The executioner brought a torch, and set fire to the wood at the bottom. The smoke rose in clouds, but the priest did not notice it.

Even then Joan thought of others before herself. She told the priest to go down quickly and save himself, but to leave her to God.

The last that was seen of Joan her eyes were raised to heaven, and her lips were moving in prayer. Then the smoke rolled up and hid her from view. Long tongues of flame shot out and licked up the scaffold.

When the hard-hearted judges, who sat looking on, saw how calmly and how bravely Joan met her death, they wept.

The crowd stood gazing at the mighty fire, awed into silence by the bravery of this poor girl. Most of them had never seen Joan. They had only heard of her as a wicked witch. Now they saw her, a poor girl, meeting death like a soldier and a saint; and they went away in haste, weeping and fearing that a judgment might come upon them.

A brutal English soldier had sworn to throw a fagot on the pile, and did so. But he sprang back, saying that he had seen a white dove rising from the flames, and that the Maid was indeed sent by God. The executioner, too, was penitent, and rushed from church to church praying for forgiveness.

Perhaps after the first moment the poor

shepherd girl did not feel the fire. Perhaps she saw her own forest again. It may be that the roaring of the flames sounded like the wind in the tree tops, and the smoke clouds were like mists in the early morning.

The centuries have vanished like the smoke. Those old days of cruelty and violence are gone. To-day the poor shepherd girl is worshiped as a saint in her own beloved France, and honored by the whole world.

OCTOBER'S BRIGHT BLUE WEATHER

HELEN HUNT JACKSON

O SUNS, and skies, and clouds of June,
And flowers of June together,
Ye cannot rival for one hour
October's bright blue weather.

When loud the bumble-bee makes haste,
Belated, thriftless, vagrant,
And golden-rod is dying fast,
And lanes with grapes are fragrant;

When gentians roll their fringes tight
To save them for the morning,
And chestnuts fall from satin burs
Without a sign of warning;

When on the ground bright apples lie
In piles like jewels shining,
And redder still, on old stone walls,
Are leaves of woodbine twining;

When all the lovely wayside things
Their white-winged seeds are sowing,
And in the fields, still green and fair,
Late aftermaths are growing;

When springs run low, and on the brooks,
In idle, golden freighting,
Bright leaves sink noiseless in the hush
Of woods for winter waiting.

O suns, and skies, and flowers of June,
Count all your boasts together;
Love loveth best — of all the year —
October's bright blue weather.

BLACK BEAUTY

ANNA SEWELL

A few years ago there appeared a book called "Black Beauty," and it was so good that thousands of people bought and read it. The name of the book is the name of a famous horse.

As a colt he belonged to Squire Gordon, an English gentleman, who was especially fond of horses. The horse's earlier years had strange experiences in them — one in which he saved the lives of his master and the coachman, John Manly; and another in which he was himself saved, by Joe Green, the faithful stableboy. Later in his life, "Black Beauty," having been injured by a drunken hunter, was sold and became a hard-working cab horse in London. And from this point in his history we will let "Black Beauty" tell his own story.

THE HORSE'S STORY

I SHALL never forget my new master; he had black eyes and a hooked nose; his mouth was as full of teeth as a bulldog's, and his voice was as harsh as the grinding of cart wheels over gravel stones. His name was Nicholas Skinner.

Skinner had a low set of cabs and a low set of drivers; he was hard on the men, and the men were hard on the horses. Much as I had seen before, I never knew

until now the utter misery of a cab horse's life. In this place we had no Sunday rest, and it was in the heat of summer.

Sometimes on a Sunday morning a party of young men would hire the cab for the day; four of them inside and another with the driver, and I had to take them ten or fifteen miles out into the country, and back again. Never would any of them get down to walk up a hill, let it be ever so steep, or the day ever so hot — unless, indeed, when the driver was afraid I could not manage it, and sometimes I was so fevered and worn that I could hardly touch my food.

How I used to long for the bran mash with niter in it that Jerry used to give us on Saturday nights in hot weather, that used to cool us down and make us so comfortable. Then we had two nights and a whole day for unbroken rest, and on Monday morning we were as fresh as young horses again; but here there was no rest, and my driver was as hard as his master.

He had a cruel whip with something so sharp at the end that it sometimes drew blood, and he would even cut me under the

body, and flip the lash out at my head. Treatment like this took the heart out of me terribly, but still I did my best and never hung back; for it was no use; men are the strongest.

My life was now so utterly wretched that I wished I might drop down dead at my work, and be out of my misery; and one day my wish very nearly came to pass.

I went on the stand at eight in the morning, and had done a good share of work when we had to take a passenger to the railway. A long train was just expected in, so my driver pulled up at the back of some of the outside cabs to take the chance of a return passenger. It was a very heavy train, and our cab was soon called for.

It was engaged by a party of four; a noisy, blustering man with a lady, a little boy, and a young girl, and a great deal of luggage. The lady and the boy got into the cab, and while the man gave orders about the luggage, the young girl came and looked at me.

"Papa," she said, "I am sure this poor horse cannot take us and all our luggage so

far; he is so weak and worn out; do look at him!"

"Oh, he's all right, miss!" said my driver; "he's strong enough."

The porter, who was pulling about some heavy boxes, asked the gentleman, as there was so much luggage, whether he would not take a second cab.

"Can your horse do it, or can't he?" said the blustering man.

"Oh, he can do it all right, sir; send up the boxes, porter; he could take more than that," and he helped to haul up a box so heavy that I could feel the springs go down.

"Papa, papa, do take a second cab," said the young girl. "I am sure we are wrong; I am sure it is very cruel."

"Nonsense, Grace; get in at once, and don't make all this fuss; a pretty thing it would be if a man of business had to examine every cab horse before he hired it — the man knows his own business of course; there, get in and hold your tongue!"

My gentle friend had to obey; and box after box was dragged up and put on the

top of the cab, or settled by the side of the driver. At last all was ready, and with his usual jerk at the rein, and slash of the whip, he drove out of the station.

The load was very heavy, and I had had neither food nor rest since morning; but I did my best, as I always had done, in spite of cruelty and injustice.

I got along fairly till we came to Ludgate Hill, but there the heavy load and my own exhaustion were too much. I was struggling to keep on, when, in a single moment, — I can not tell how, — my feet slipped from under me, and I fell heavily to the ground on my side.

The suddenness and the force with which I fell seemed to beat all the breath out of my body. I lay perfectly still; indeed I had no power to move, and I thought now I was going to die. I heard a confusion round me, loud, angry voices, and the getting down of the luggage, but it was all like a dream. I thought I heard that sweet, pitiful voice saying, "It is all our fault."

Then some one came and loosened the throat strap of my bridle, and undid the

traces which kept the collar so tight upon me. Some one said, "He's dead; he'll never get up again." Then I could hear a policeman giving orders, but I did not even open my eyes; I could only draw a gasping breath now and then. Some cold water was poured over my head, and some cordial was poured into my mouth, and something was covered over me.

I can not tell how long I lay there, but I found my life coming back, and a kind-voiced man was patting me and encouraging me to rise. After some more cordial had been given me, and after one or two attempts, I staggered to my feet, and was gently led to some stables which were close by. Here I was put into a well-littered stall, and some warm gruel was brought to me, which I drank thankfully.

In the evening I was a little better and was led back to Skinner's stables, where I think they did the best for me they could. In the morning Skinner came with a farrier to look at me. He examined me very closely, and said: —

"This is a case of overwork more than

disease, and if you could give him a run off for six months he would be able to work again; but now there is not an ounce of strength in him."

"Then he must go to the dogs," said Skinner. "I have no meadows to nurse sick horses in. He might get well or he might not; that sort of thing doesn't suit my business. My plan is to work 'em as long as they'll go, and then sell 'em for what they'll fetch."

"If he was broken-winded," said the farrier, "it would be better to have him killed at once, but he is not. There is a sale of horses coming off in about ten days; if you rest him and feed him up, he may pick up, and you may get more than his skin is worth, at any rate."

So Skinner, rather unwillingly, I think, gave orders that I should be well fed and cared for, and the stableman, happily for me, carried out the orders with a good will. Ten days of perfect rest, plenty of good oats, hay, and bran mashes did more to get up my condition than anything else could have done. Those mashes were delicious.

I began to think it might be better to live than go to the dogs. When the twelfth day after the accident came, I was taken to the sale, a few miles out of London. I felt that any change from my present place must be an improvement, so I held up my head and hoped for the best.

At this sale I found myself in company with the old, broken-down horses — some lame, some broken-winded, some old, and some that it would have been merciful to shoot. Coming from the better part of the fair I noticed a man who looked like a gentleman farmer, with a young boy by his side.

"There's a horse, Willie, that has known better days."

"Poor old fellow!" said the boy; "do you think, grandpapa, he was ever a carriage horse?"

"Oh, yes, my boy!" said the farmer; "he might have been anything when he was young; there's a deal of breeding about that horse." He put out his hand and gave me a kind pat on the neck. I put out my nose in answer to his kindness; the boy stroked my face.

"Poor old fellow! see, grandpapa, how well he understands kindness. Could not you buy him and make him young again as you did with Ladybird?"

So the kind old gentleman bought me, and I was then gently ridden home by a servant of my new master's, and turned into a large meadow with a shed in one corner of it.

Mr. Thoroughgood, for that was the name of my kind friend, gave orders that I should have hay and oats every night and morning, and the run of the meadow during the day, and "you, Willie," said he, "must take the oversight of him; I give him in charge to you."

The boy was proud of his charge. There was not a day when he did not pay me a visit. He always came with kind words and caresses, and of course I grew very fond of him. He called me Old Crony, as I used to come to him in the field and follow him about. Sometimes he brought his grandfather, who always looked closely at my legs.

"This is our point, Willie," he would

say; "but he is improving so steadily that I think we shall see a change for the better in the spring."

The perfect rest, the good food, the soft turf, and gentle exercise, soon began to tell on my condition and spirits. I had a good constitution from my mother, and I was never strained when I was young, so I had a better chance than horses who have been worked before coming to their full strength.

During the pleasant winter my legs improved so much that I began to feel quite well again. The spring came round, and one day in March Mr. Thoroughgood said that he would try me in the phaeton. I was well pleased, and he and Willie drove me a few miles. My legs were not stiff now, and I did the work with perfect ease.

"He's growing young, Willie; we must give him a little work now, and by midsummer he will be as good as Ladybird. He has a beautiful mouth, and good paces; they can't be better."

"O grandpapa, how glad I am you bought him!"

"So am I, my boy; but he has to thank

you more than me; we must now be looking out for a quiet, genteel place for him where he will be valued."

One day during the summer the groom cleaned and dressed me with such great care that I thought some new change must be at hand; he trimmed my fetlocks and legs, passed the tar brush over my hoofs, and even parted my forelock. I think the harness had an extra polish. Willie seemed half-anxious, half-merry, as he got into the chaise with his grandfather.

"If the ladies take to him," said the old gentleman, "they'll be suited, and he'll be suited; we can but try."

At a distance of a mile or two from the village we came to a pretty, low house, with a lawn and shrubbery at the front, and a drive up to the door. Willie rang the bell and asked if Miss Blomefield or Miss Ellen was at home. Yes, they were. So, whilst Willie staid with me, Mr. Thoroughgood went into the house. In about ten minutes he returned, followed by three ladies. They all came and looked at me and asked questions. The younger lady — that was Miss

Ellen — took to me very much; she said she was sure she should like me, I had such a good face. The tall, pale lady said that she should always be nervous in riding behind a horse that had once been down, as I might come down again.

"You see, ladies," said Mr. Thoroughgood, "many first-rate horses have had their knees broken through the carelessness of their drivers, without any fault of their own, and from what I see of this horse I should say that is his case. If you wish, you can have him on trial, and then your coachman will see what he thinks of him."

It was then arranged that I should be sent for the next day.

In the morning a young man came for me, and I was led to my new home, placed in a comfortable stable, fed, and left to myself. The next day, when my groom was cleaning my face, he said: —

"That is just like the star that 'Black Beauty' had; he is much the same height, too; I wonder where he is now."

A little further on, he came to the place in my neck where I was bled, and where

Painting by Heymond Hardy

A BLACK BEAUTY

a little knot was left in the skin. He almost started, and began to look me over carefully, talking to himself.

"White star in the forehead, one white foot on the off side, this little knot just in that place;" then looking at the middle of my back — "and as I am alive, there is that little patch of white hair that John used to call 'Beauty's threepenny bit.' It *must* be Black Beauty! Why, Beauty! Beauty! do you know me? little Joe Green, that almost killed you?" And he began patting and patting me as if he was quite overjoyed.

I could not say that I remembered him, for now he was a fine grown young fellow, with black whiskers and a man's voice, but I was sure he knew me, and that he was Joe Green, and I was very glad. I put my nose up to him, and tried to say that we were friends. I never saw a man so pleased.

"Give you a fair trial! I should think so, indeed! I wonder who the rascal was that broke your knees, my old Beauty! you must have been badly served out some-

where; well, well, it won't be my fault if you haven't good times of it now. I wish John Manly was here to see you."

In the afternoon I was put into a low park chair and brought to the door. Miss Ellen was going to try me, and Green went with her. I soon found that she was a good driver, and she seemed pleased with my paces. I heard Joe telling her about me, and he was sure I was Squire Gordon's old Black Beauty.

When we returned, the other sisters came out to hear how I had behaved myself. She told them what she had just heard, and said: —

"I shall certainly write to Mrs. Gordon, and tell her that her favorite horse has come to us. How pleased she will be!"

After this I was driven every day for a week or so, and as I appeared to be quite safe, Miss Lavinia at last ventured out in the small close carriage. After this it was quite decided to keep me, and call me by my old name of "Black Beauty."

I have now lived in this happy place a whole year. Joe is the best and kindest

of grooms. My work is easy and pleasant, and I feel my strength and spirits all coming back again. Mr. Thoroughgood said to Joe the other day: —

"In your place he will last till he is twenty years old, — perhaps more."

Willie always speaks to me when he can, and treats me as his special friend. My ladies have promised that I shall never be sold, and so I have nothing to fear; and here my story ends. My troubles are all over, and I am at home; and often before I am quite awake, I fancy I am still in the orchard at Birtwick, standing with my old friends under the apple trees.

He giveth snow like wool;
He scattereth the hoar frost like ashes.
He casteth forth his ice like morsels;
Who can stand against his cold?
He sendeth out his word, and melteth them:
He causeth his wind to blow and the waters flow.

— *Bible.*

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS

CLEMENT C. MOORE

'TWAS the night before Christmas, when all through the house,
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugarplums danced in their heads;
And Mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap;—
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.

The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave the luster of midday to objects below,
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted, and called them by name:
"Now, *Dasher!* now, *Dancer!* now, *Prancer* and *Vixen!*
On, *Comet!* on, *Cupid!* on, *Donder* and *Blitzen!*
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky;
So up to the housetop the coursers they flew

With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas too.
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof —
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in furs from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes — how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow;

The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath;
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf;
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.

A wink of his eye and a twist of his head
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread;
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"*Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night!*"

A CHRISTMAS STORY

A LONG time ago, on the night before Christmas, a little child was wandering alone through the streets of a great city.

No one seemed to notice him except Jack Frost, who bit his bare toes and fingers. The north wind, too, saw the child, for it blew against him and went through his ragged clothes.

Home after home he passed, looking with longing eyes through the windows, in upon glad, happy children. Nearly all of them were helping trim the Christmas trees for the coming morrow.

"Surely," said the child to himself, "where there is so much gladness some of it may be for me." So with timid steps he went up to a large, fine house. He saw through the window a Christmas tree with many presents hung upon it.

He rapped at the door. It was opened by a footman. He looked at the child for a moment, then shook his head and said: "Go down off the steps. There is no room for such as you here."

As the child turned back into the cold and darkness, he wondered why the footman had spoken so. Surely those children inside would like to have another join them in their play.

In one window the child saw a little lamb made of soft white wool. Around its neck was tied a red ribbon. He looked long at the beautiful things in this window, but most of all he looked at this white lamb.

A little girl came to the window and looked out into the dark street, where the snow had now begun to fall. She saw the child, but she shook her head and said: "Go away and come some other time. We are too busy to take care of you now."

Back into the dark, cold street he turned again. The wind was whirling past him and seemed to say, "Hurry on, hurry on! We have no time to stop. 'Tis Christmas eve, and everybody is in a hurry to-night."

The hours passed; later grew the night, and colder blew the wind. The few people now upon the street did not seem to see the child, when suddenly, a long way ahead of him, he saw a bright, single ray of light.

He soon reached the end of the street, and went up to the window from which the light came. The room was plain but very clean. Before an open fire sat a lovely-faced mother with a two-year-old child upon her knee, and an older one beside her.

"What was that, mother?" asked the little girl at her side.

"I think it was some one tapping on the door. Run as quickly as you can and open it, for it is a bitter cold night to keep any one waiting in this storm. No one must be left out in the cold on our beautiful Christmas eve."

The child ran to the door and threw it wide open. The mother saw the ragged stranger standing outside, cold and shivering, with bare head and almost bare feet. She drew him in and put her arms around him.

"He is very cold, children. We must warm him, feed him, and give him some clothes." Then added the little girl, "And we must love him, and give him some of our Christmas, too."

The mother sat down by the fire with the stranger on her lap. Her own two little ones warmed his half-frozen hands in their own, and she smoothed the golden curls, and bending over his head, kissed the child's face.

After he was warmed, and had eaten a bowl of bread and milk, the little girl said to her mother, "May we not light the Christmas tree, and let this little child see how beautiful it will look?"

So busy were they at the tree that they did not notice that the room was filled with a strange light. They turned and looked at the spot where the little wanderer sat. His rags had changed to clothes white and beautiful. His curls seemed like a golden light about his head, and his face — it was so bright they could scarcely look upon it.

They looked with wonder upon the child. With a sweet and gentle smile he looked upon them for a moment, then slowly rose and floated out of sight.

"O mother! it was the Christ Child, was it not?" and the mother said in a low tone, "Yes."

And so they say each Christmas eve the little Christ Child wanders through some town, and only those who take him into their hearts and homes ever see this wonderful vision.

THE THREE KINGS

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

THREE Kings came riding from far away,
Melchior and Gaspar and Baltasar;
Three Wise Men out of the East were they,
And they traveled by night and they slept by day,
For their guide was a beautiful, wonderful star.

The star was so beautiful, large, and clear,
That all the other stars in the sky
Became a white mist in the atmosphere,
And by this they knew that the coming was near
Of the Prince foretold in the prophecy.

Three caskets they bore on their saddle bows,
Three caskets of gold with golden keys;

Their robes were of crimson silk with rows
Of bells and pomegranates and furbelows,
Their turbans like blossoming almond trees.

And so the Three Kings rode into the West,
Through the dusk of night, over hill and dell,
And sometimes they nodded with beard on breast,
And sometimes talked, as they paused to rest,
With the people they met at some way-side well.

"Of the child that is born," said Baltasar,
"Good people, I pray you, tell us the news,
For we in the East have seen his star,
And have ridden fast, and have ridden far,
To find and worship the King of the Jews."

And the people answered, "You ask in vain;
We know of no king but Herod the Great!"

They thought the Wise Men were men
insane,
As they spurred their horses across the plain,
Like riders in haste, and who cannot wait.

And when they came to Jerusalem,
Herod the Great, who had heard this thing,
Sent for the Wise Men and questioned them,
And said, "Go down into Bethlehem,
And bring me tidings of this new King."

So they rode away; and the star stood still,
The only one in the gray of morn;
Yes, it stopped — it stood still of its own
free will,
Right over Bethlehem on the hill,
The city of David, where Christ was born.

And the Three Kings rode through the gate
and the guard,
Through the silent street, till their horses
turned
And neighed as they entered the great inn-
yard;
But the windows were closed, and the doors
were barred,
And only a light in the stable burned.

And cradled there in the scented hay,
In the air made sweet by the breath of kine,
The little child in the manger lay,
The child that was to be King one day
Of a kingdom not human but divine.

His mother, Mary of Nazareth,
Sat watching beside His place of rest,
Watching the even flow of His breath,
For the joy of life and the terror of death
Were mingled together in her breast.

They laid their offerings at His feet:
The gold was their tribute to a King,
The frankincense with its odor sweet,
Was for the Priest, the Paraclete,
The myrrh for the body's burying.

And the mother wondered and bowed her head,
And sat as still as a statue of stone;
Her heart was troubled, yet comforted,
Remembering what the angel had said
Of an endless reign and of David's throne.

Then the Kings rode out of the city gate,
With a clatter of hoofs, in proud array,

But they went not back to Herod the Great,
For they knew his malice and feared his hate,
And returned to their homes by another way.

BROWNIE ON THE ICE

Miss Mulock

Winter was a grand time with the six children, especially when they had frost and snow. This happened so seldom that it was the greatest treat. It never lasted, for the winters were not very cold.

There was a little lake three fields off, which made the best sliding place imaginable. No skaters went near it; it was not large enough. It was not very deep, not deep enough to drown a man.

The trees grew so thick around it that they sheltered it completely from the wind. So, when it did freeze, it froze as smooth as glass.

"The lake bears!" was such a grand event that when it did occur the news came at once to the house. The children carried it quickly

to their mother. She had promised that if such a thing should happen, lessons should be stopped, and they should all go down to the lake and slide, if they liked, all day long.

One morning, just before Christmas, one of the boys ran in with his face beaming, and called: —

"Mother, mother, the lake bears! the lake really bears!"

"Who says so?"

"Bill! Bill has been on it for an hour this morning and has made us two such fine slides, he says, an up-slide and a down-slide. May we go now?"

"Yes, you may go; only be very careful."

"And may we stay all day and not come home for dinner?"

"Yes, if you like; but the gardener must go with you and stay all day too."

They did not like this at all; nor did the gardener like it.

"You bothering children! I wish you may all get a ducking in the lake! Serve you right for making me lose a day's work just to look after you little monkeys. I've a great mind to tell your mother I won't do

it." But he did not, being fond of his mistress.

The gardener was anything but a pleasant person to spend a long day with on the ice.

"He'll scold at us all day long," said the children. "Oh, mother, mayn't we go alone?"

"No," said the mother; and her "no" meant no, though she was always kind. So the children said no more, but started off, rather downhearted. But they soon regained their spirits, for it was a bright, clear, frosty day.

The little people danced along to keep themselves warm, carrying the lunch basket between them.

A very harmless lunch it was — just a large brown loaf and a piece of cheese, and a knife to cut it. Tossing the basket about in their fun, they tumbled the knife out and were looking for it in the long grass when the gardener came up.

"To think of trusting you children with a knife and a basket! If they are lost, the cook will blame me. Give me the things."

He put the knife crossly into one pocket.

Then he turned the lunch out on the grass and crammed it into the other pocket, and hid the basket in the hedge.

The children did not like this, but they tried to be good, and followed the gardener as meek as mice.

As they went they heard little steps pattering after them.

The children would have liked to go straight to the ice; but the gardener insisted on taking them a mile around, to look at a strange animal which a farmer had just got — sent by a brother in Australia.

By the time they reached the lake, the gardener was crosser than ever. He struck the ice with his stick, but made no attempt to see if it really did bear, though he would not allow one of the children to go one step on it till he had tried.

"I know it doesn't bear, and you'll just have to go home again — a good thing too — saves me from losing a day's work."

"Try, only try. Bill said it bore," implored the children.

"Bill's a donkey!" said the gardener.

Just then they saw a creature jumping

across the ice, which certainly had never been seen on ice before. It made the most extraordinary leaps on its long hind legs, with its little fore legs tucked up in front of it as if it wanted to carry a muff, and its long, stiff tail sticking out straight behind, to balance itself.

The children stared at first and then burst out laughing, for it was the funniest creature they had ever seen.

"It's the kangaroo!" cried the gardener, in great excitement. "It has got loose and it's sure to be lost. I must try to catch it."

But in vain, for it darted once or twice across the ice, dodging him. Once it came so close that he nearly caught it by the tail —to the children's great delight. Then it vanished suddenly.

"I must go and tell Mr. Giles," said the gardener, and then stopped, for he had promised not to leave the children.

"You must all stay here and I'll be back in five minutes," said he to the children. "You may go a little way on the ice. I think it's strong enough. Mind you don't tumble in, for there'll be nobody to pull you out."

"Oh, no," cried the children, clapping their hands. They hoped the gardener would stay away a long time. Only, as some one said after he was gone, he had taken their lunch away in his pocket.

"Never mind; we are not hungry yet. Now for a slide."

Off darted the three boys, and the three girls followed them. Soon they were all skimming, one after another, as fast as a train, across the ice.

The four larger children soon left the two smaller ones far behind. The little children were standing mournfully watching the older ones, when beside them there stood the small brown man.

"Ho, ho! little people," said he, coming between them and taking hold of a hand of each. Then, somehow, they found in their open mouths a nice peppermint lozenge.

"Do you want me to play with you?" cried the brownie. "Then here I am." Then the two little children found themselves floating along with the brownie between them.

Up the lake and down the lake and across

the lake they went. The little ones came to a standstill at last. They were rosy and breathless, their toes nice and warm, and their hands feeling like mince pies just out of the oven.

The larger children stopped sliding and looked at Brownie with entreating eyes. "Halloo! you don't mean to say you big ones want a race too!

"Well, come along, if the two eldest will give the little ones a slide." He watched them take a tiny sister between them. Then he took the two middle children.

"One, two, three, and away." Off they started, scudding along as light as feathers and as fast as steam engines.

When they all had their fair turns, they began to be very hungry.

"Catch a fish for dinner, and I'll lend you a hook," said Brownie.

At this they all laughed and then looked grave. Pulling a cold, raw, live fish from under the ice and eating it was not a pleasant idea of dinner.

"Well, what would you like to have? Let the little one choose," said the brownie.

She said, after thinking a minute, that she should like a fruit cake.

"And I'd give you all a piece of it — a big piece," she added, with tears in her eyes because she was so hungry.

"Do it, then!" said the brownie.

Immediately the stone the little girl was sitting on, which was a round, hard stone and very cold, turned into a nice hot cake — so hot that she jumped up.

"Oh, what a nice cake! But we have no knife."

"Look, you have one in your hand," said the brownie to the little one. That minute a stick she held in her hand turned into a bread knife.

"That will do. Sit down and carve the dinner. Fair shares, and don't let anybody eat too much. Now begin, ma'am," said the brownie, very politely, as if she had been ever so old.

The little girl set to work and cut five of the biggest pieces you ever saw, and gave them to her brothers and sisters. She was just going to take a piece herself, when she remembered the brownie.

"I beg your pardon," she said, very politely, though she was so little, and turned round to the little brown man. But he was nowhere to be seen. The pieces of cake in the children's hands remained cake, but the cake itself turned suddenly to a stone again, and the knife to a stick.

For there was the gardener coming along by the edge of the lake and growling as he came.

"Did you get the kangaroo?" shouted the children.

"This place is bewitched, I think," said he. "The kangaroo was asleep in the cow-shed. What! how dare you laugh at me?"

But they hadn't laughed at all.

He was very cross, for the people at the farm had laughed, and he had met his mistress, and she had asked him how he could think of leaving the children alone.

"What have you been doing all this time?" said the gardener, fumbling in his pocket for the lunch. But it was not there.

The children set up a great cry. In spite of the cake, they could have eaten a little more. Indeed, the frost had such an effect

upon all their appetites that they were like the man of whom it is said: —

"He ate a cow and ate a calf,
He ate an ox and ate a half;
He ate a church, he ate the steeple,
He ate the priest and all the people,
And said he hadn't had enough."

"We're so hungry! Couldn't you go back and bring us some dinner?" cried all the children.

"Not I. You may go back to dinner yourselves. You shall, indeed, for I want my dinner too."

The eldest boy said, "Mother said we might stay all day, and we will stay all day."

"You shall go home," said the gardener, cracking a whip that he carried in his hand. "I'll give you this across your back, my fine gentleman."

The boy started across the ice, and the gardener tried to follow. It was great fun dodging the gardener up and down the ice.

"Bless us, there's the kangaroo again," said he, just as he caught the boy at last. "I can't be mistaken this time. I must catch it."

The kangaroo limped as if it was lame. The gardener went after it, walking carefully on the slippery ice. Just as he reached the middle of the lake, the ice suddenly

broke, and in he popped. The kangaroo went in too, apparently, for it was not seen afterward.

What a hullabaloo the poor man made. Not that he was drowning — the lake was too shallow to drown anybody; but he got very wet, and the water was cold. He soon

scrambled out, the boys helping him. Then he went home as fast as he could, without thinking of the children.

They might have stayed all afternoon, only they did not feel quite easy in their minds. The hole closed up at once and the ice seemed as firm as ever, but they did not like to slide on it.

"I think we had better go home and tell mother," said one. "Besides, we ought to see what has become of the poor gardener. He was very wet."

"His wife will have to put him before the fire to thaw before he can get out of his clothes," said another.

Again all the little people burst into shouts of laughter. Although they laughed, they were sorry for the poor gardener, and hoped no great harm would come to him.

"Let us hope mother won't be vexed with us, but will let us come back to-morrow. It wasn't our fault that the gardener tumbled in."

As somebody said this, they all heard quite distinctly, "Ha, ha, ha!" and a sound of little feet pattering behind.

HAGEN WALDER

ALICE CARY

THE day, with a cold, dead color,
Was rising over the hill,
When little Hagen Walder
Went out to grind in the mill.

All vainly the light, in zigzags,
Fell through the frozen leaves,
And, like a broidery of gold,
Shone on his ragged sleeves.

No mother had he to brighten
His cheek with a kiss, and say,
"'Tis cold for my little Hagen
To grind in the mill to-day."

And that was why the north winds
Seemed all in his path to meet,
And why the stones were so cruel
And sharp beneath his feet.

And that was why he hid his face
So oft, despite his will,
Against the necks of the oxen
That turned the wheel of the mill.

And that was why the tear-drops
So oft did fall and stand
Upon their silken coats that were
As white as a lady's hand.

So little Hagen Walder
Looked at the sea and the sky,
And wished that he were a salmon,
In the silver waves to lie;

And wished that he were an eagle,
Away through the air to soar,
Where never the groaning mill wheel
Might vex him any more;

And wished that he were a pirate,
To burn some cottage down
And warm himself; or that he were
A market lad in the town,

With bowls of bright red strawberries
Shining on his stall,
And that some gentle maiden
Would come and buy them all.

So little Hagen Walder
Passed, as the story says,

Through dreams, as through a golden gate,
Into realities.

And when the years changed places,
Like the billows, bright and still,
In the ocean, Hagen Walder
Was the master of the mill.

And all his bowls of strawberries
Were not so fine a show
As are his boys and girls at church,
Sitting in a row.

"ONE, TWO, THREE"

H. C. Bunner

It was an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy who was half-past three,
And the way that they played together
Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go running and jumping,
And the boy, no more could he;
For he was a thin little fellow,
With a thin, little, twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight,
Out under the maple tree;

And the game that they played I'll tell you
Just as it was told to me.

It was Hide and Go Seek they were playing,
Though you'd never have known it to be—
With an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy with a twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down
On his one little sound right knee,
And he'd guess where she was hiding,
In guesses One, Two, Three!

"You are in the china closet!"
He would cry, and laugh with glee.
It wasn't the china closet;
But he still had Two and Three.

"You are up in papa's big bedroom,
In the chest with the queer old key!"
And she said: "You are warm and warmer;
But you're not quite right," said she.

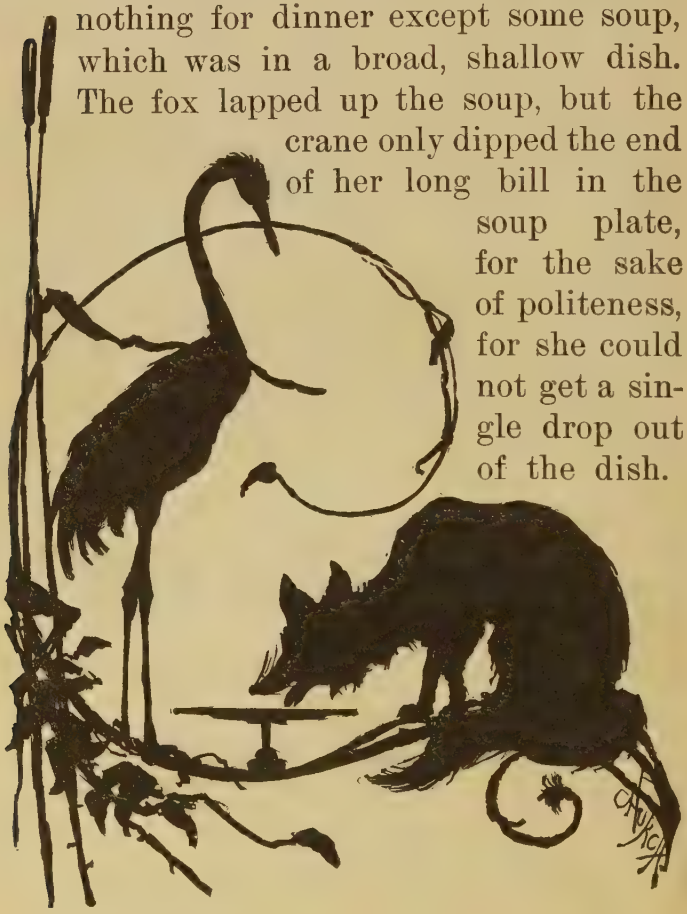
"It can't be the little cupboard
Where mamma's things used to be,
So it must be the clothespress, grandma!"
And he found her with his Three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers,
That were wrinkled and white and wee;
And she guessed where the boy was hiding,
With a One and a Two and a Three.

And they never had stirred from their places,
Right under the maple tree —
This old, old, old, old lady,
And the boy with a lame little knee;
This dear, dear, dear old lady,
And the boy who was half-past three.

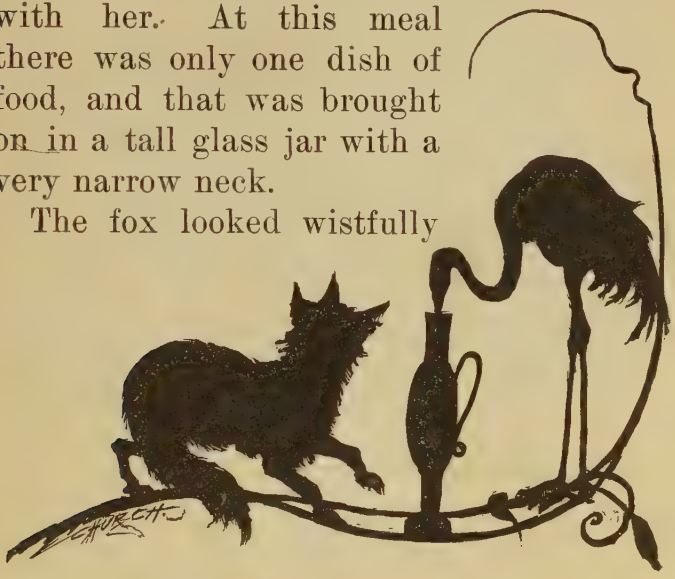
FABLE OF THE FOX AND THE CRANE

ONCE upon a time, a fox asked a crane to dine with him. The cunning fox had nothing for dinner except some soup, which was in a broad, shallow dish. The fox lapped up the soup, but the crane only dipped the end of her long bill in the soup plate, for the sake of politeness, for she could not get a single drop out of the dish.



The wise old crane said nothing, but in a few days asked the fox to take supper with her. At this meal there was only one dish of food, and that was brought on in a tall glass jar with a very narrow neck.

The fox looked wistfully



on while the crane put her long bill into the jar and ate up the supper. The fox, although he was very hungry, could not even get a taste. He looked on and licked his jaws, but he knew that he had no room to find fault with his friend; for the crane had only paid him back in his own coin. Every one that heard about it said that he had been rightly served.

DOWN TO SLEEP

HELEN HUNT JACKSON

NOVEMBER woods are bare and still;
  November days are clear and bright;
Each noon burns up the morning chill;
  The morning snow is gone by night;
  Each day my steps grow slow, grow light,
As through the woods I reverent creep,
Watching all things "lie down to sleep."

I never knew before what beds,
  Fragrant to smell, and soft to touch,
The forest sifts and shapes and spreads;
  I never knew before how much
  Of human sounds there is in such
Low tones as through the forest sweep
When all wild things "lie down to sleep."

Each day I find new coverlids
  Tucked in and more sweet eyes shut tight;
Sometimes the viewless mother bids
  Her ferns kneel down full in my sight.
  I hear their chorus of "good night,"
And half I smile and half I weep,
Listening while they "lie down to sleep."

THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT

EDWARD LEAR

THE Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat:
They took some honey, and plenty of money
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looked up to the stars above,
And sang to a small guitar,
"O lovely Pussy, O Pussy, my love,
What a beautiful Pussy you are,
You are,
You are!
What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl,
How charmingly sweet you sing!
Oh! let us be married; too long we have tarried:
But what shall we do for a ring?"
They sailed away, for a year and a day,
To the land where the bong-tree grows;
And there in a wood a Piggy-wig stood,
With a ring at the end of his nose,
His nose,
His nose,
With a ring at the end of his nose.

"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring?" Said the Piggy, "I will."
So they took it away, and were married next day
By the Turkey who lives on the hill.
They dinèd on mince, and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon;
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
They danced by the light of the moon,
The moon,
The moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.

ROBINSON CRUSOE AND HIS MAN FRIDAY

DANIEL DEFOE

The following is taken from a long story called Robinson Crusoe, and written by Daniel Defoe, an Englishman, nearly two hundred years ago.

Robinson Crusoe was a sailor who was shipwrecked and cast upon an island, where he lived twenty-eight years before he was rescued. When he had been on the island twenty-five years alone, he saved the life of a savage who was about to be eaten by cannibals. The man became his servant and companion, and, in time, a good Christian.

At last a ship came to the island, and Robinson Crusoe went back to England, taking the man with him.

ONE morning very early I was surprised by seeing five canoes all on shore together on my side of the island. Knowing the cannibals always came four, five, or six in a boat, I kept still in my castle.

Having listened a good while to hear if they made any noise, I set my guns at the foot of my ladder and climbed up to the top, standing so that my head did not show above the hill. Here I saw, by help of my glass, that they were no less than thirty in number, and that they had a fire kindled. They were all dancing with barbarous gestures around the fire.

While I was looking at them I saw two

miserable wretches dragged from the boats, where, it seems, they were laid by, and were now brought out to be killed. While they were busy with one, the other was left standing alone, till they should be ready for him.

Seeing himself a little at liberty, this poor wretch started away from them, and ran with great swiftness along the sand toward my castle.

I was dreadfully frightened when I saw him run my way, but I soon saw that only three men followed him. I was pleased to see that he gained ground on them; so that if he could but hold out for half an hour, I saw he would easily get away from them.

There was a creek between them and my castle. This I saw plainly the poor wretch must swim over or be taken there. But when he came to it he made nothing of it. He plunged in and swam across in about thirty strokes, and ran on with great strength and swiftness.

When the three men came to the creek, I found that two could swim, but the third could not, and he soon went back, which turned out to be very well for him.

I saw that the two who swam were more than twice as long swimming over the creek as the fellow who fled from them. It came to me that now was my time to get me a servant, and that I was called plainly by Providence to save this poor man's life.

I ran down the ladders, brought my two guns, climbed up with the same haste, crossed toward the sea, and clapped myself in the way between the pursuers and the pursued. I beckoned with my hand to the man who fled, to come back, and slowly advanced on the two who followed.

Rushing suddenly upon the foremost, I knocked him down with my gun. I did not wish to fire, because I would not have the rest hear.

The other man stopped as if frightened, and I advanced toward him. As I came nearer, I saw that he had a bow and arrow, and was getting ready to shoot me. So I shot at him and killed him at the first shot.

The poor savage who fled was so frightened by the fire and noise of my gun, that he stood stock still. I called to him and

made signs for him to come forward, which he easily understood.

He came a little way, then stopped, and then a little farther and stopped again, and I could see that he was trembling.

I beckoned him again to come to me, and gave him all the signs of encouragement that I could think of. He came nearer and nearer, kneeling down every ten or twelve steps to show that he thanked me for saving his life. I smiled at him and beckoned him to come still nearer.

At length he came close to me, and then he kneeled down again, kissed the ground, laid his head upon the ground, and taking me by the foot, set my foot upon his head. This was in token of swearing to be my slave forever. I took him up and made much of him, and encouraged him all I could.

He made signs to me that he should bury the dead savages in the sand, that they might not be seen by the rest if they followed. I made signs for him to do so. He fell to work and in a short time had scraped a hole in the sand and buried them.

Calling him away I took him, not to my

castle, but quite away to my cave, on the farther part of the island. Here I gave him bread, a bunch of raisins, and a drink of water, which he was in very great distress for because of his running.

Then I made signs for him to lie down and sleep, pointing to a place where I had laid some rice straw, and a blanket upon it. So the poor creature lay down and went to sleep.

He was a handsome fellow, with straight, strong limbs. He was tall and well shaped, and about twenty-six years of age. His hair was long and black. The color of his skin was not quite black, but very dark. His teeth were as white as ivory.

When he had slept about half an hour, he came out of the cave to me, for I had been milking my goats, which I kept near by. When he saw me, he came running to me, laying himself down upon the ground with every sign of thankfulness.

At last he laid his head flat upon the ground and set my foot upon it, as he had done before, to let me know he would serve me as long as he lived. I understood him

in many things and let him know I was well pleased with him.

In a little time I began to speak to him, and teach him to speak to me. First I made known to him that his name should be Friday, which was the day I saved his life. I taught him to say master, and then let him know that was to be my name. I taught him to say Yes and No, and to know the meaning of them.

I gave him some milk and let him see me drink some before him and dip my bread into it. Then I gave him a cake to do the like, which he very quickly did and made signs that it was very good for him.

I then led him up to the top of the hill to see if his enemies were gone. Pulling out my glass, I looked and saw plainly the place where they had been, but neither them nor their canoes.

When we had done this, we went back to my castle, and there I fell to work for my man Friday. First of all I gave him a pair of linen trousers which I had brought from the wreck, and which fitted him very well.

Then I made him a coat of goat's skin, as

well as my skill would allow; and I gave him a cap which I had made of hare skin. So he was clothed very well, and was mighty well pleased to see himself almost as well clothed as his master.

It is true, he went awkwardly in these things at first. The sleeves of the coat rubbed his shoulders and arms, but a little easing them where he said they hurt him, and using himself to them, at length he took them very well.

Never had a man a more faithful, loving servant than Friday was to me. His affections were tied to me, like those of a child to a father.

I was greatly pleased with him, and made it my business to teach him everything that would make him useful; but especially to make him speak, and to understand me.

I thought that, in order to bring Friday off from his horrid way of feeding, I ought to let him taste other flesh. So I took him out, intending to kill a kid of my own flock. But I saw a goat lying in the shade, and two kids by her. I made signs to Friday not to move, and shot one of the kids.

Friday had seen me kill the savage, but he did not know how it was done. I saw that he trembled and shook, and I thought he would have fallen down. He did not see the kid I had shot, and he ripped up his coat to feel if he was not wounded. He came and kneeled to me, and, taking hold of my knees, said a great many things I did not understand. But I could easily see the meaning was to pray me not to kill him.

Taking him up by the hand, I laughed at him and pointed to the kid which I had killed. Then I made him a sign to run and get it, which he did. While he was gone I loaded my gun. When he came back I pointed to a hawk on a tree, and made him understand that I would shoot it.

He was frightened again after all I had said to him, because he did not see me put anything into the gun. He would not touch the gun for several days, but would talk to it when he was by himself; which, I afterward found out, was to ask it not to kill him.

That evening I boiled some of the kid's flesh and made some very good broth.

After I had begun to eat some, I gave some to my man, who liked it very well.

That which was strangest to him was to see me eat salt with it. He made a sign to me that the salt was not good to eat. Putting a little into his mouth, he would sputter at it and then wash his mouth with water.

I put some meat into my mouth and pretended to sputter for want of salt. But it would not do, he would never care for salt with his meat.

The next day I roasted a piece of the meat as I had seen people in England do. This I did by hanging it before the fire on a string, and turning it constantly. When Friday tasted the meat, he took so many ways of telling me how well he liked it, that I must understand him. At last he told me he would never eat man's flesh any more, which I was very glad to hear.

Having two mouths to feed instead of one, I set about planting more corn than I used to do. Friday let me know that he thought I had much more work on his account, and that he would work hard for me if I would tell him what to do.

Friday soon began to talk pretty well, and to understand the names of almost everything I had use for. He talked a great deal to me, and so I began to have some use for my tongue again.

HIAWATHA'S SAILING

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

"GIVE me of your bark, O Birch Tree!
Of your yellow bark, O Birch Tree!
Growing by the rushing river,
Tall and stately in the valley!
I a light canoe will build me,
Build a swift Cheemaun for sailing,
That shall float upon the river,
Like a yellow leaf in autumn,
Like a yellow water lily!
Lay aside your cloak, O Birch Tree!
Lay aside your white-skin wrapper,
For the summer-time is coming,
And the sun is warm in heaven,
And you need no white-skin wrapper!"
Thus aloud, cried Hiawatha
In the solitary forest,

By the rushing Taquamenaw,
When the birds were singing gayly,
In the Moon of Leaves were singing,
And the sun, from sleep awaking,
Started up and said, "Behold me!
Gheezis, the great Sun, behold me!"
And the tree with all its branches
Rustled in the breeze of morning,
Saying, with a sigh of patience,
"Take my cloak, O Hiawatha!"
With his knife the tree he girdled;
Just beneath its lowest branches,
Just above the roots, he cut it,
Till the sap came oozing outward;
Down the trunk, from top to bottom,
Sheer he cleft the bark asunder,
With a wooden wedge he raised it,
Stripped it from the trunk unbroken.

"Give me of your boughs, O Cedar!
Of your strong and pliant branches,
My canoe to make more steady,
Make more strong and firm beneath me!"
Through the summit of the Cedar
Went a sound, a cry of horror,

Went a murmur of resistance;
But it whispered, bending downward,
"Take my boughs, O Hiawatha!"
Down he hewed the boughs of cedar,
Shaped them straightway to a framework,
Like two bows he formed and shaped them,
Like two bended bows together.

"Give me of your roots, O Tamarack!
Of your fibrous roots, O Larch Tree!
My canoe to bind together,
So to bind the ends together
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!"
And the Larch, with all its fibers,
Shivered in the air of morning,
Touched his forehead with its tassels,
Said, with one long sigh of sorrow,
"Take them all, O Hiawatha!"
From the earth he tore the fibers,
Tore the tough roots of the Larch Tree,
Closely sewed the bark together,
Bound it closely to the framework.

"Give me of your balm, O Fir Tree!
Of your balsam and your resin,

So to close the seams together
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!"
And the Fir Tree, tall and somber,
Sobbed through all its robes of darkness,
Rattled like a shore with pebbles,
Answered wailing, answered weeping,
"Take my balm, O Hiawatha!"
And he took the tears of balsam,
Took the resin of the Fir Tree,
Smeared therewith each seam and fissure,
Made each crevice safe from water.

"Give me of your quills, O Hedgehog!
All your quills, O Kagh, the Hedgehog!
I will make a necklace of them,
Make a girdle for my beauty,
And two stars to deck her bosom!"
From a hollow tree the Hedgehog
With his sleepy eyes looked at him,
Shot his shining quills, like arrows,
Saying, with a drowsy murmur,
Through the tangle of his whiskers,
"Take my quills, O Hiawatha!"
From the ground the quills he gathered,
All the little shining arrows,

Stained them red and blue and yellow,
With the juice of roots and berries;
Into his canoe he wrought them,
Round its waist a shining girdle,
Round its bows a gleaming necklace,
On its breast two stars resplendent.
Thus the Birch Canoe was builded
In the valley, by the river,
In the bosom of the forest;
And the forest's life was in it,
All its mystery and magic,
All the lightness of the birch tree,
All the toughness of the cedar,
All the larch's supple sinews;
And it floated on the river
Like a yellow leaf in autumn,
Like a yellow water lily.

Paddles none had Hiawatha,
Paddles none he had or needed,
For his thoughts as paddles served him,
And his wishes served to guide him;
Swift or slow at will he glided,
Veered to right or left at pleasure.
Then he called aloud to Kwasind,
To his friend, the strong man, Kwasind,

Saying, "Help me clear this river
Of its sunken logs and sand bars."
Straight into the river Kwasind
Plunged as if he were an otter,
Dived as if he were a beaver,
Stood up to his waist in water,
To his armpits in the river,
Swam and shouted in the river,
Tugged at sunken logs and branches,
With his hands he scooped the sand bars,
With his feet the ooze and tangle.
And thus sailed my Hiawatha
Down the rushing Taquamenaw,
Sailed through all its bends and windings,
Sailed through all its deeps and shallows,
While his friend, the strong man, Kwasind,
Swam the deeps, the shallows waded.
Up and down the river went they,
In and out among its islands,
Cleared its bed of root and sand bar,
Dragged the dead trees from its channel,
Made its passage safe and certain,
Made a pathway for the people,
From its springs among the mountains,
To the waters of Pauwating,
To the bay of Taquamenaw.

CHASING A RAINBOW

GRACE GREENWOOD

ONE summer afternoon, when I was about eight years old, I was standing at a window looking at a beautiful rainbow which, bending from the sky, seemed to be losing itself in a thick, swampy wood about a quarter of a mile away. It happened that there was no one in the room with me then but my brother Rufus, who had been sick, and was now just able to sit propped up with pillows in an easy-chair.

"See, brother," I said, "it drops right down among the cedars, where we sometimes go to gather wintergreens!"

"Do you know, Grace," said my brother, "that if you should go to the end of the rainbow, you would find there purses filled with money, and great pots of gold and silver?"

"Is it truly so?" I asked.

"Truly so," he answered.

Now I was a simple-hearted child, who believed everything that was told me,

although I had been again and again deceived. So, without another word, I darted out of the door, and set forth towards the wood. My brother called after me as loudly as he could, but I did not heed him.

I cared nothing for the wet grass which was soiling my clean dress. On and on I ran, sure that I would soon reach the end of the rainbow. I remember how glad and proud I felt, and what fine presents I expected to give to all my friends.

So thinking, and laying delightful plans, I soon reached the cedar grove; but the end of the rainbow was not there! I saw it shining down among the trees a little farther away. So I struggled on, pushing my way through thick bushes and climbing over logs, until I came within sound of a stream which ran through the woods. Then I thought, "What if the rainbow should come down right in the middle of that deep, muddy brook!"

Ah! but I was frightened for my heavy pots of gold and silver! How should I ever find them there, and how should I get them?

Soon I reached the bank of the stream, but the rainbow was not there. I could see it a little way off on the other side. I crossed the brook on a fallen tree, and then ran on, though my limbs seemed to give way and my side ached from weariness.

The woods grew thicker and darker, the ground more wet and swampy, and I found that in a journey after riches, there is much hard traveling.

Suddenly I met in my way a large porcupine, who made himself still larger when he saw me, just as a cross cat raises its back at a dog. Fearing that he would shoot his sharp quills at me, I ran from him as fast as my tired feet could carry me.

In my fright I forgot to keep my eye on the rainbow. When at last I remembered and looked for it, it was nowhere in sight! It had quite faded away. When I saw that it had indeed gone, I burst into tears. I had lost all my treasures, and had nothing to show for my journey but muddy feet and a wet and torn dress. I turned about, and set out for home.

But I soon found that my troubles had only begun. I could not find my way; I was lost.

I could not tell which was east or west, north or south, but wandered about here and there, crying and calling, though I knew that no one could hear me.

All at once I heard voices shouting; and I was frightened, because I feared that Indians were after me. I crept under some bushes, close to a big log, and lay quite still. I was wet, cold, and miserable; but when the voices came nearer I did not show myself.

At last I heard my own name called. I had been told that Indians were very cunning, and thinking that they might have found it out in some way, I did not answer.

Then there came a voice near me which sounded like that of my eldest brother, who had been away from home for many months. But I could not believe that it was his voice.

Soon some one sprang upon the log by which I lay, and stood there calling. I could not see his face; I could only see

the tips of his toes, and I saw that he wore a pair of nice boots. But I knew that some Indians dress like white folks; and I kept quiet, until I heard shouted over me a pet name which this brother had given me.

I knew that no Indian had ever heard of that name, for it was a little family secret; so I sprang up and caught my brother about the ankles.

No wild Indian could have given a louder yell than he gave then. He jumped so that he fell off the log down by my side. But nobody was hurt. After kissing me until he had kissed away all my tears, he lifted me upon his shoulder, called my brothers, and we all started for home.

I had been gone nearly three hours, and had wandered a long way from home. My brother Joseph's asking for me had first set them to looking for me. When I went into the room where Rufus sat, he said, "Why, my poor little sister! I did not mean to send you off on such a wild-goose chase to the end of the rainbow. I thought you would know that I was only quizzing you."

WYNKEN, BLYNKEN, AND NOD

EUGENE FIELD

WYNKEN, Blynken, and Nod, one night,
Sailed off in a wooden shoe, —
Sailed on a river of misty light
Into a sea of dew.
"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
The old moon asked the three.
"We have come to fish for the herring-fish
That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we,"
Said Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song
As they rocked in the wooden shoe,
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew.
The little stars were the herring-fish
That lived in the beautiful sea.
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish,
But never afraid are we!"
Cried the stars to the fishermen three,
Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
For the fish in the twinkling foam,
Then down from the sky came the wooden shoe
Bringing the fishermen home.
'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed
As if it could not be,
And some folk thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea;
But I shall name you fishermen three;
Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle-bed.
So shut your eyes while Mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock on the misty sea,
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three,
Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

—*From "Lullaby Land," by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.*

JACK FROST

Gabriel Setoun

The door was shut, as doors should be,
Before you went to bed last night;
Yet Jack Frost has got in, you see,
And left your window silver white.

He must have waited till you slept;
And not a single word he spoke,
But penciled o'er the panes and crept
Away again before you woke.

And now you cannot see the hills
Nor fields that stretch beyond the lane;
But there are fairer things than these
His fingers traced on every pane.

Rocks and castles towering high;
Hills and dales and streams and fields;
And knights in armor riding by,
With nodding plumes and shining shields.

And here are little boats, and there
Big ships with sails spread to the breeze;
And yonder, palm trees waving fair
On islands set in silver seas.

And butterflies with gauzy wings;
And herds of cows and flocks of sheep,
And fruit and flowers and all the things
You see when you are sound asleep.

For creeping softly underneath
The door when all the lights are out,
Jack Frost takes every breath you breathe,
And knows the things you think about.

He paints them on the window pane
In fairy lines with frozen steam;
And when you wake you see again
The lovely things you saw in dream.

ST. CHRISTOPHER AND THE CHRIST CHILD

ANDREA HOFER PROUDFOOT

EVEN after the Christ Child had come upon the earth, and the children of the world and the grown people, too, had heard the story over and over, they still watched and waited for him.

When he went to his Father, his last words had been promises of his coming back again, and sweet thoughts like these he left with us: I go to my Father, but I

shall return again; Lo, I am with you alway. So it is no wonder that the world went on waiting and watching, and working to be good enough to receive him when he came again.

Far back, many years ago, when good men were called saints, there lived one named Christopher. He was very large and strong, and could lift the heaviest burdens on his back; and his legs were so stout that he could travel far without growing tired.

Although he loved God and did all the good things he could, yet he knew very little of the wise things of the world. He thought it would be almost useless for him to think of serving the King of Heaven by prayers and beautiful words, as did all the people who passed through his home place on their way to Jerusalem.

One day he went to a very good brother who was wiser than many others and who lived all alone in a cave and was called a hermit. He thought he would ask him what he might do to serve God more and better than he had ever before. The hermit

lived a long way off, and so Christopher broke off a palm tree to use as a staff, for he was a man of great power.

When he found the hermit, he said: "Brother, I am strong and large; I can bear heavy loads and walk through stony paths long distances, and never weary. See this palm which I broke with my single hand. Yet, brother, I would rather serve God and have his blessing, than be strong, without a purpose."

"Then, good Christopher, you may do as I tell you. There is a river with a stony bottom, wide and deep, with steep banks, through which all our people must pass on their way to Jerusalem. There is no bridge, and every rain fills these high banks, and many people are compelled to wait and lose their way. Do you know the river?"

Christopher bowed his head.

"If you would serve God, go and serve his people and help them over this water, so deep and rocky and wide."

Christopher bowed his head again.

"Why do you not speak? Do you fear?" the hermit asked.

But Christopher only raised his head and answered: "It is nothing for me to carry loads and fight the water. I want to learn beautiful prayers and go as a pilgrim with the other worshipers."

"Christopher, my brother," said the hermit, "serve and love your brethren first, and then you will begin to know how to serve and love the Father. You will know, some day, why I speak thus; for when you love others you love the Christ Child as well."

And Christopher bowed his head and went away. He took his great staff, made of the palm tree which he had torn up, and with other palms he built himself a hut at the crossing of the river. There day after day he toiled and helped the travelers over. When the rains came and the water was very deep, he would put people on his shoulders, and when little children came to cross, he always bore them so much more joyously.

At night the people would call out to him, and if there was not a single star he would go just the same, without a question;

for his brave feet knew every stone in the watery path.

One very dark night — so dark that Christopher almost prayed that no one would come to call him out into the rain — he heard a cry, as if a baby were without its mother in the storm.

"It is the wind," said Christopher, and he tried to sleep and forget.

Again the cry came: "Christopher, come, come!"

He raised his head, threw about him his coat, and opened the door. His light flickered out, and the storm still roared.

"Christopher, Christopher, come and carry me over!" And he broke through the door and went out into the dark.

There in the storm he found a young child, naked and all alone, sitting and waiting for him.

"Carry me over, good Christopher. I must go to-night, for I promised so many beyond here that I was coming, and they are waiting and watching for me. Carry me over, good Christopher!"

Christopher looked down upon the dear

Painting by Murillo.

THE CHRIST CHILD AND THE SAINT

child; he smiled and lifted him to his strong shoulders, and taking up his staff he stepped into the swollen stream. The waters rushed about them. The great stones in the bottom had been moved from their places, but Christopher walked carefully, and the little one clung to him so tightly that he had no fear.

As he stepped out deeper and deeper into the river his burden seemed to grow heavier and heavier, for the water beat against them both. It seemed as though they must surely sink, for it was a wild, wild night.

Each step was harder than the last, and his breath came hard, and his knees could scarcely hold out any longer, so heavy had his burden grown. His palm staff bent as it helped him along, and the river seemed never so wide before.

At length he touched the other side safe and weary. He set the child down; gently and lovingly he did it, and with never a thought of how hard he had worked to help. And suddenly, as the clouds broke and the moonlight fell upon them, he saw a beautiful being with shining face and holy smile;

and in the quiet of the night he broke out with — "Who are you, my child? who are you? for had I carried the whole world on my shoulders to serve God, it could not have been harder. Tell me who you are!"

And the sweet voice said: "Good Christopher, I am he who has promised to come to you, and whom you have been serving. Did you not know that in this humble, hard work at serving all, you were serving me and the Father? With whatever strength you have you shall serve, and it shall all be holy. Your staff, too, has served with all its power. If you will plant it in the ground you shall see what beautiful things live even in a dry staff when it works for others."

Christopher did so, and suddenly it blossomed into a beautiful fresh palm tree full of fruit. And his great heart was filled with content, for he knew that he and his staff had served the Christ Child.

And the Christ passed on into the early morning light that was breaking.

Down the long pathway he went, on and on, to cheer the waiting people all the way.

And Christopher went back to his holy work of serving men; and he no longer needed his staff, for his happy heart never let him lose courage, since he knew he was serving the Christ Child.

— *From "Child's Christ Tales," by permission of the author.*

He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his own spirit than he that taketh a city.

— *Bible.*

OLD AUNT MARY'S

James Whitcomb Riley

Wasn't it pleasant, O brother mine,
In those old days of the lost sunshine
Of youth — when the Saturday's chores were through,
And the "Sunday's wood" in the kitchen, too,
And we went visiting, "me and you,"
Out to Old Aunt Mary's?

We cross the pasture, and through the wood
Where the old gray snag of the poplar stood,
Where the hammering "redheads" hopped
awry,
And the buzzard "raised" in the "clear-
ing" sky,
And lolled and circled, as we went by
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

And then in the dust of the road again;
And the teams we met, and the country-
men;
And the long highway, with sunshine spread
As thick as butter on country bread,
Our cares behind, and our hearts ahead
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

Why, I see her now in the open door,
Where the little gourds grew up the sides,
and o'er
The clapboard roof! — And her face — ah,
me!
Wasn't it good for a boy to see —
And wasn't it good for a boy to be
Out to Old Aunt Mary's?

It all comes back so clear to-day!
Though I am as bald as you are gray —
Out by the barn lot, and down the lane,
We patter along in the dust again,
As light as the tips of the drops of the rain,
Out to Old Aunt Mary's!

And O my brother, so far away,
This is to tell you she waits to-day
To welcome us: — Aunt Mary fell
Asleep this morning, whispering, "Tell
The boys to come!" And all is well
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

— *From "Afterwhiles," by permission of The Bowen-Merrill Co.*

THE DOG OF MONTARGIS

JAMES BALDWIN

IN the old castle of Montargis in France, there was once a stone mantelpiece of workmanship so beautiful that it was talked about by the whole country.

It was not altogether its beauty that caused people to speak of it and remember it. It was famous on account of the strange scene that was carved upon it. To those who asked about its meaning, the old keeper

of the castle would sometimes tell the following story.

It happened more than five hundred years ago, when this castle was new and strong. Then people lived and thought in a very different way from what they do now. Among the young men of that time there was no one more noble than Aubrey de Montdidier. Among all the knights who had favor at the court, there was none more brave than the young Sieur de Narsac, captain of the king's men at arms.

Now these two men were friends, and whenever their other duties allowed them, they were sure to be in each other's company. Indeed, it was an unusual thing to see either of them walking the streets of Paris alone.

"I will meet you at the tournament to-morrow," said Aubrey one evening, as he was parting from his friend.

"Yes, at the tournament to-morrow," said De Narsac. "Be sure you come early."

The tournament was to be a grand affair. Two gentlemen were to run a tilt. Both were famous for their skill with the lance. All Paris would be out to see them.

When the time came, De Narsac was there, but Aubrey did not come. What could it mean? It was not like Aubrey to forget his promise. It was not often he let anything keep him away from a tournament.

"Have you seen my friend Aubrey to-day?" De Narsac asked a hundred times. Every one gave the same answer and wondered what had happened.

The day passed and another day came, and still there was no news of Aubrey. De Narsac went to his friend's lodgings, but could find out nothing. The young man had not been seen since the morning of the tournament.

Three days passed, and still not a word. De Narsac was greatly troubled. He knew now that some accident must have happened to Aubrey. But what could it have been?

Early in the morning of the fourth day he heard a strange noise at his door. He dressed himself in haste and opened it. A dog was crouching there. It was a greyhound, so poor that its ribs stuck out, and so weak that it could hardly stand.

De Narsac knew the dog. It was Dragon, his friend Aubrey's greyhound, — the dog who went with him whenever he walked out, the dog who was never seen save in his master's company.

The poor creature tried to stand. His legs trembled from weakness. He swayed from side to side. He wagged his tail feebly, and tried to put his nose into De Narsac's hand. De Narsac saw at once that he was half starved.

He led the dog into his room and fed him some warm milk. He bathed the poor fellow's nose and bloodshot eyes with cold water. "Tell me where your master is," he said. Then he set before him a meal that would have tempted any dog.

The greyhound ate heartily, and seemed to be much stronger. He licked De Narsac's hands. He fondled his feet. Then he ran to the door and tried to make signs to his friend to follow him. He whined pitifully.

De Narsac understood. "You want to lead me to your master, I see." He put on his hat and went with the dog.

Through the narrow lanes and crooked streets of the old city, Dragon led the way. At each corner he would stop and look back to be sure that De Narsac was following. He went over a long bridge, the only one that crossed the river in those days. Then he trotted out through the gate into the open country beyond the walls.

In a little while the dog left the main road and took a by-path that led into a forest. De Narsac kept his hand on his sword now, for they were on dangerous ground. The forest was a great resort for robbers and lawless men. More than one wicked deed had been done there.

But Dragon did not go far into the woods. He stopped near a dense thicket of briers and vines. Then he took hold of De Narsac's sleeve and led him to the other side of the thicket.

There under an oak tree the grass had been trampled down. There were signs, too, of freshly-turned-up earth. With moans of distress, the dog stretched himself on the earth. With pleading eyes he looked up into De Narsac's face.

"My poor fellow," said De Narsac, "you have led me here to show me your master's grave." With that he turned and hurried back to the city; but the dog would not stir from his place.

That afternoon a company of men, led by De Narsac, rode out to the forest. They found in the ground beneath the oak what they had expected — the body of young Aubrey de Montdidier.

"Who could have done this wicked deed?" they asked of one another. Then they wept, for they all loved Aubrey.

They made a litter of green branches, and laid the body upon it. Then, the dog following them, they carried it back to the city and buried it in the king's cemetery. And all Paris mourned the untimely end of the brave young knight.

After this the greyhound went to live with the young Sieur de Narsac. He followed the knight wherever he went. He slept in his room and ate from his hand. He seemed to be as fond of his new master as he had been of the old.

One morning they went out for a stroll

through the city. The streets were crowded; for it was a holiday, and all the fine people of Paris were enjoying the sunlight and fresh air. Dragon, as usual, kept close to the heels of his master.

De Narsac walked down one street and up another, meeting many of his friends. Now and then he stopped to talk a little while. Suddenly the dog leaped forward and stood in front of his master. He growled fiercely; he crouched ready for a spring; his eyes were fixed on some one in the crowd.

Then before De Narsac could speak, he leaped forward upon a young man.

The man threw up his arm to save his throat; but the quickness of the attack and the weight of the dog caused him to fall to the ground. There is no telling what might have followed had not those who were with him beaten the dog with their canes, and driven him away.

De Narsac knew the man. His name was Richard Macaire, and he belonged to the king's bodyguard.

Never before had the greyhound been known to show anger toward any person.

"What do you mean by such conduct?" asked his master as they walked homeward. Dragon's only answer was a low growl; but it was the best that he could give. The

affair had put a thought into De Narsac's mind which he could not forget.

Within less than a week the thing happened again. This time Macaire was walking in the public garden. De Narsac and the dog were some distance away. But as soon as Dragon saw the man, he rushed at

him. It was all that the bystanders could do to keep him from killing Macaire. De Narsac hurried up and called him away; but the dog's anger was fearful to see.

It was well known in Paris that Macaire and young Aubrey had not been friends. It was remembered that they had had more than one quarrel. And now the people began to talk about the dog's strange actions.

At last the matter reached the ears of the king. He sent for De Narsac and had a long talk with him. "Come back to-morrow and bring the dog with you," he said. "We must find out more about this."

The next day De Narsac with Dragon at his heels was admitted into the king's audience room. The king was seated in his great chair, and many knights and men at arms were standing around him.

Hardly had De Narsac stepped inside when the dog leaped quickly forward. He had seen Macaire. He sprang upon him. He would have torn him into pieces if no one had stopped him.

There was only one way to explain the matter.

"This greyhound," said De Narsac, "is here to denounce the Chevalier Macaire as the slayer of his master. He demands that justice be done."

Macaire was pale and trembling. He stammered a denial of his guilt. He declared that the dog was a dangerous beast, and ought to be put out of the way.

"Shall a soldier be accused by a dog?" he cried. "Shall he be condemned by such a witness as this? I, too, demand justice."

"Let the judgment of God decide!" cried the knights who were present.

And so the king declared that there should be a trial by the judgment of God. For in those rude times it was a very common thing to determine guilt or innocence by a combat between the accuser and the accused. In such cases it was believed that God would always aid the cause of the innocent and bring about the defeat of the guilty.

The combat was to take place that very afternoon in the great common by the riverside. The king's herald made a public announcement of it, naming the dog as the accuser and the Chevalier Macaire as the

accused. A great crowd of people assembled to see this strange trial.

The king and his officers were there to make sure that no injustice was done to either the man or the dog. The man was allowed to defend himself with a short stick. The dog was given a barrel into which he might run if too closely pressed.

At a signal the combat began. Macaire stood upon his guard. The dog darted swiftly around him, dodging his enemy's blows, and trying to get at his throat. The man seemed to have lost all his courage. His breath came short and quick. He was trembling from head to foot.

Suddenly the dog leaped upon him. In his great terror Macaire cried out to the king for mercy, and acknowledged his guilt.

"It is the judgment of God!" cried the king.

The officers rushed in and dragged the dog away; and Macaire was hurried off to the punishment which he deserved.

And this is the scene carved upon the mantelpiece in the castle of Montargis — this strange trial by the judgment of God.

A TRIBUTE TO THE DOG

A MAN'S dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and in sickness.

He will sleep on the cold ground, where the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince.

When all other friends desert, he remains. When riches take wings, he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journeys through the heavens.

If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him, to guard against danger, and to fight his enemies.

And when the last scene of all comes, and death takes the master in its embrace, and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by the grave will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even in death.

HOLLAND

MARY MAPES DODGE

HOLLAND is one of the queerest countries under the sun. It should be called Odd-land, or Contrary-land. Nearly everything is different from other parts of the world.

In the first place, a large part of the country is lower than the sea. Great dikes have been erected to keep the ocean where it belongs. Sometimes the dikes give way, or spring a leak, and the most disastrous results ensue.

The dikes are high and wide, and the tops of them are covered with buildings and trees. They have fine public roads upon them, from which horses may look down upon wayside cottages.

Often the keels of floating ships are higher than the roofs of dwellings.

The stork, chattering to her young on the house-top, may feel that her nest is lifted far out of danger, but the croaking frog in the neighboring bulrushes is nearer the stars than she. Water bugs dart to and fro above the heads of chimney swallows.

Ditches, canals, ponds, rivers, and lakes are everywhere. People are born, live, and die, and even have their gardens on canal boats.

Farmhouses stand on wooden legs, with a tucked-up sort of air, as if to say, "We will keep dry if we can." Even the horses wear a wide stool on each hoof to lift them out of the mud. In short, the country everywhere suggests a paradise for ducks.

A Milk Maid.

It is a glorious country in summer for barefooted boys and girls. Such wading! such mimic ship sailing! such rowing and fishing and swimming! Mothers call to children not to swing on the garden gate, for fear they may be drowned.

In some cities, ships are hitched like horses to their owners' doorposts, and receive their freight from the upper windows.

Water roads are more frequent in Holland than common roads and railroads. Water

omnibuses constantly go up and down these roads for the conveyance of passengers. Water drays are used for carrying freight.

Water fences, in the form of lazy green ditches, inclose fields and gardens. Instead of green country lanes, green canals stretch from field to barn and barn to house.

THE LEAK IN THE DIKE

A STORY OF HOLLAND

PHŒBE CARY

THE good dame looked from her cottage
At the close of the pleasant day,
And cheerily called to her little son
Outside the door at play:
"Come, Peter, come! I want you to go,
While there is light to see,
To the hut of the blind old man who lives
Across the dike, for me;
And take these cakes I made for him —
They are hot and smoking yet;
You have time enough to go and come
Before the sun is set."

Then the good wife turned to her labor,
Humming a simple song,
And thought of her husband, working hard
At the sluices all day long;
And set the turf a-blazing,
And brought the coarse black bread;
That he might find a fire at night,
And find the table spread.

And Peter left the brother,
With whom all day he had played,
And the sister who had watched their sports
In the willow's tender shade;
And told them they'd see him back before
They saw a star in sight,
Though he wouldn't be afraid to go
In the very darkest night!
For he was a brave, bright fellow,
With eye and conscience clear;
He would do whatever a boy might do,
And he had not learned to fear.

And now, with his face all glowing,
And eyes as bright as the day
With the thoughts of his pleasant errand,
He trudged along the way;

And soon his joyous prattle
Made glad a lonesome place —
Alas! if only the blind old man
Could have seen that happy face!
Yet he somehow caught the brightness
Which his voice and presence lent;
And he felt the sunshine come and go
As Peter came and went.

And now, as the day was sinking,
And the winds began to rise,
The mother looked from her door again,
Shading her anxious eyes;
And saw the shadows deepen,
And birds to their homes come back,
But never a sign of Peter
Along the level track.
But she said, "He will come at morning,
So I need not fret or grieve —
Though it isn't like my boy at all
To stay without my leave."

But where was the child delaying?
On the homeward way was he,
And across the dike while the sun was up
An hour above the sea.

He was stopping now to gather flowers,
Now listening to the sound,
As the angry waters dashed themselves
Against their narrow bound.
"Ah! well for us," said Peter;
"That the gates are good and strong,
And my father tends them carefully,
Or they would not hold you long!"
"You're a wicked sea," said Peter;
"I know why you fret and chafe;
You would like to spoil our lands and homes;
But our sluices keep you safe!"

But hark! Through the noise of waters
Comes a low, clear, trickling sound;
And the child's face pales with terror,
And his blossoms drop to the ground.
He is up the bank in a moment,
And, stealing through the sand,
He sees a stream not yet so large
As his slender, childish hand.
'Tis a leak in the dike! He is but a boy,
Unused to fearful scenes;
But, young as he is, he has learned to know
The dreadful thing that means.

A leak in the dike! The stoutest heart
Grows faint that cry to hear,
And the bravest man in all the land,
Turns white with mortal fear.
For he knows the smallest leak may grow
To a flood in a single night;
And he knows the strength of the cruel sea
When loosed in its angry might.

And the boy! He has seen the danger,
And, shouting a wild alarm,
He forces back the weight of the sea
With the strength of his single arm!
He listens for the joyful sound
Of a footstep passing nigh;
And lays his ear to the ground, to catch
The answer to his cry.
He hears the rough winds blowing,
And the waters rise and fall,
But never an answer comes to him,
Save the echo of his call.
He sees no hope, no succor,
His feeble voice is lost;
Yet what shall he do but watch and wait,
Though he perish at his post.

So, faintly calling and crying
Till the sun is under the sea;
Crying and moaning till the stars
Come out for company;
He thinks of his brother and sister,
Asleep in their safe warm bed;
He thinks of his father and mother,
Of himself as dying — and dead;
And of how, when the night is over,
They must come and find him at last:
But he never thinks he can leave the place
Where duty holds him fast.

The good dame in the cottage
Is up and astir with the light,
For the thought of her little Peter
Has been with her all the night.
And now she watches the pathway,
As yester eve she had done;
But what does she see so strange and black
Against the rising sun?
Her neighbors are bearing between them
Something straight to her door;
Her child is coming home, but not
As he ever came before!

"He is dead!" she cries; "my darling!"
And the startled father hears,
And comes and looks the way she looks,
And fears the thing she fears:
Till a glad shout from the bearers
Thrills the stricken man and wife —
"Give thanks, for your son has saved our land,
And God has saved his life!"
So, there in the morning sunshine
They knelt about the boy;
And every head was bared and bent
In tearful, reverent joy.

'Tis many a year since then; but still,
When the sea roars like a flood,
Their boys are taught what a boy can do
Who is brave and true and good.
For every man in that country
Takes his son by the hand,
And tells him of little Peter,
Whose courage saved the land.
They have many a valiant hero
Remembered through the years;
But never one whose name so oft
Is named with loving tears.

And his deed shall be sung by the cradle,
And told the child on the knee,
So long as the dikes of Holland
Divide the land from the sea!

BEHOLD, the sower went forth to sow; and as he sowed, some seeds fell by the wayside, and the birds came and devoured them: and others fell upon the rocky places, where they had not much earth; and straightway they sprang up because they had no deepness of earth; and when the sun was risen, they were scorched; and because they had no root, they withered away. And others fell upon the thorns; and the thorns grew up and choked them: and others fell upon the good ground, and yielded fruit, some a hundred fold, some sixty, some thirty.

— *Bible.*

WASHINGTON IN THE WILDERNESS

IT is so interesting to follow Washington through the first years of his career that I will tell you of an expedition which he made at this time into the "Great Woods,"

beyond the Ohio River. Both the English and the French claimed this country. It was full of English and French hunters, who traded with the Indians; and it became a great point with both sides to secure the friendship of the savages.

Governor Dinwiddie of Virginia and the governor of Canada were watching each other. At last Dinwiddie made up his mind to send the French a message. This message was to the effect that the western country belonged to England, and that since the French had no right to it, they were not to build their forts on it. The person who was to carry this message was also to make friends with the Indians. For this service Governor Dinwiddie chose young George Washington.

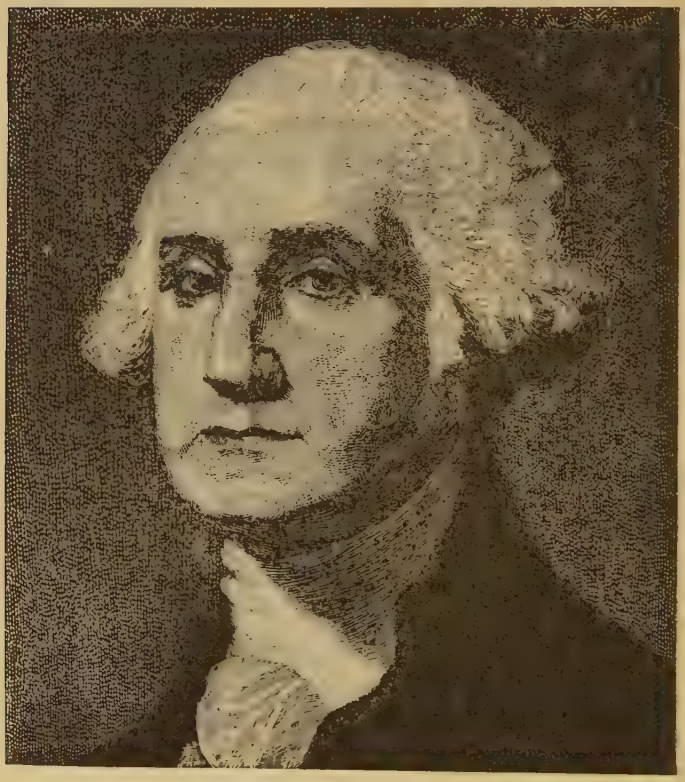
These things happened in the year 1753, when Washington was twenty-one years old. It was a proof of the confidence placed in him, to choose so young a man for so difficult a service. But Washington was now well known. He had not done much, but he had shown, by his life and actions, that his character was above reproach.

He set out on the very day that he received his commission from the governor. His party was waiting for him at Winchester. It was made up of three white hunters, two friendly Indians, and a Mr. Gist, who was an experienced woodsman. As the weather was very cold (the month being November), small tents were packed on horses, which were cared for by the white men; and thus equipped the party set forward, and in due time reached the Monongahela River.

The point which Washington aimed for was an Indian village called Logstown, a little south of where the city of Pittsburg now stands. As the river flowed northward, it would enable him to float the tents and baggage down in canoes. Some of these were soon obtained, and the loads were placed in charge of some of the men, while the rest of the party followed along the bank.

They at last reached the forks of the Ohio, where Pittsburg was afterwards built. The weather was very cold, but Washington stopped long enough to look at the situation.

He saw at a glance how strong it was, and that it was the very place for a fort. When



GEORGE WASHINGTON

they at last reached Logstown, he had a long talk with the Indian chief, trying to persuade him to have nothing to do with the

French. The chief made a number of polite speeches, after the Indian fashion, but he would make no promises; he said that the French commander was at a fort near Lake Erie, and, if Washington wished, he would go with him to see that officer.

Washington accepted the offer, and, setting out with the Indians, was guided to a place called Venango. Here a cunning old French captain met them, and set plenty of drink before them. His object was to make Washington drunk, and lead him to talk freely. But the plan failed, and Washington, with his Indian guides, pushed on.

After a long, cold ride he reached the French fort, and was very kindly received. The commandant, called the Chevalier de St. Pierre, was an old man, with silver-white hair, and clad in a fine uniform. When Washington handed him the letter which he had brought from Governor Dinwiddie, he received it with a polite bow, and retired to read it.

Two days afterwards the answer was ready. In it the Frenchman informed the governor of Virginia that he would send

his letter to the Marquis Duquesne in Canada; but as to giving up the country, he could not and would not do so; he was ordered to hold it, and he meant to obey orders.

Washington, seeing that he could gain nothing by a longer stay, now made ready to return. The old Chevalier de St. Pierre was polite and cunning to the last. He furnished Washington with a number of canoes to carry his baggage and provisions; but he tried to persuade the Indian chief not to return with him. In this, however, he failed, and Washington, with his Indian guides, embarked in the canoes and began a difficult voyage down French Creek.

The creek was full of floating ice, and several times the canoes were nearly staved to pieces. Now and then the men were obliged to jump into the water and drag them over shallows; and once they had to take their canoes on their backs and carry them for a quarter of a mile before they could find open water enough to float them. When they reached Venango they parted with the Indians, and Washington resolved

to push on, on foot, for Virginia. So he and his friend Gist strapped knapsacks on their backs to carry their provisions and papers, took their rifles, and pushed into the woods, leaving the rest of the men, with the horses, to come on as soon as the weather and the condition of the roads would permit.

The long and dangerous march of Washington and his single companion then began. The difficulties before them were enough to dishearten them. It was the depth of winter, and very cold. They were in the heart of the wilderness, which was covered with snow, and they could only guess at their way. What was much worse than all else, they were surrounded by hostile Indians, the friends of the French.

But they pushed forward fearlessly, and Providence watched over them. Day after day they tramped through the desolate woods, and at last they came to a place bearing the gloomy name of Murdering Town, where there was a small band of Indians. As soon as he saw these Indians, Gist, who was an old woodsman, began to suspect them. He therefore urged Wash-

ington not to stop, but to push on; and as one of the Indians offered himself as a guide, his offer was accepted, and he was allowed to go with them.

It soon became plain that Gist was right in his suspicions. The first thing that the Indian guide did was to offer to carry Washington's gun. Washington was too wise to consent to this, and the Indian became very surly.

Night was now coming, and they looked about for a place to build a camp fire; but the Indian advised them against this. There were some Ottawa Indians in the woods, he said, who would certainly come upon them and murder them; but his own cabin was near, and if they would go with him they would be safe.

This was very suspicious, and they made up their minds to be on their guard. Their wisdom in doing so was soon seen. They took no notice of the Indian's offer, and went on looking for a stream of water, near which they might encamp.

The Indian guide was a few yards in front of them, when, just as they came to an open space where the glare of the snow

lit up the darkness, the Indian turned, leveled his gun at Washington, and fired. The bullet did not strike him, and the Indian darted behind a tree. But Washington rushed upon him, and seized him before he could escape.

Gist was eager to put the guide to death; but Washington would not agree to it. He took the Indian's gun away from him, and when they soon afterwards reached a small stream, he made him build a fire for them.

Gist was very uneasy. He knew the Indians much better than Washington did, and told him that if he would not put the guide to death, they must get away from him. This was agreed to, and the Indian was told that he could go to his cabin if he chose, for the night. As to themselves, they would camp in the woods, and join him there in the morning.

The guide was glad to get away, and was soon out of sight. Gist followed him cautiously, listening to his footsteps breaking the dry twigs in the woods. As soon as he was sure that the Indian was gone, he came back to Washington and told him that, if he

valued his life, he would better get away as soon as possible, for he was sure that the guide meant to bring other Indians there to murder them.

They again set forward through the woods, and when they had gone about half a mile they built another fire. But they did not lie down to sleep; the fire was meant only to deceive the Indians. Instead of stopping there they pushed on, and traveled all that night and the next day without stopping. At last they reached the banks of the Allegheny River, a little above the present site of Pittsburg.

There was no way to cross the river except by means of a raft; and this they began to build early on the following morning. Gist probably had a hatchet with him, as woodsmen generally carried one, and trees were cut down and tied together with grape vines. This rough raft was then dragged to the water's edge and pushed into the stream, which was at that time full of large masses of broken ice.

The situation of the two men was dangerous. The current was strong. In spite

of all they could do to force the raft across, the ice swept it down, and they could not reach the shore.

While Washington was trying to steady the raft with a long pole resting on the bottom of the river, a huge cake of ice struck it, and he was thrown into the water. Few things could have been more dangerous than this. The water was freezing cold, and he no doubt had on his heavy overcoat, which hindered his movements, and came near sinking him with its own weight.

Luckily, with the help of Gist, Washington succeeded in climbing back upon the raft. They were then swept along by the current, and gave up all attempts to reach the shore where they at first intended. At length the ice drove the raft near a small island and they managed to get on it. The raft was carried away, and disappeared among the floating pieces of ice.

They were now on a small island without shelter or fuel. The shore was still at some distance, and they had no means of reaching it. The cold was so great that Gist had his hands and feet frozen. It

was a miserable night; they lay down in their overcoats, and shivered until at last day came, and they looked around.

Providence had befriended them. The floating blocks of ice had frozen together during the night, and they saw that there was a solid pathway to the shore. They reached it without trouble, and set forward with brave hearts toward the south.

Soon all their troubles were over. On the Monongahela River they reached the house of a trader whom they knew, and who supplied all their wants. Washington then bought a horse, and sixteen days later he was in Williamsburg, giving Governor Dinwiddie a history of his expedition.

— *Adapted from John Esten Cooke.*

BARBARA FRIETCHIE

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as the garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain wall, —

Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced: the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast.
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf.

She leaned far out on the window sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word:

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet:

All day long that free flag tost
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the Rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town!

Be good, my dear, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long;
And so make life, death, and the vast forever,
One grand, sweet song.

— *Charles Kingsley.*

A BRAVE LITTLE REBEL

MARY DENSEL

IF our heroine, Cynthia Smith, were living to-day, she would be a great-grandmother. But at the time of this story, 1780, she was only a little girl at home on a plantation near the Santee River, in South Carolina.

She was twelve years old, four feet and two inches high, and, for so young and so small a person, she was as stanch a rebel as you could have found in all America; for the War of Independence was then raging in the United States.

When she was only five years old, her little heart had beaten hard at the story of the famous "Boston Tea Party," at which a whole ship load of tea had been emptied into the harbor because King George of England insisted on "a three-penny tax."

The following year, when England shut up the harbor of Boston, not a mouthful of rice did Cynthia get to eat, for her father had sent his whole harvest to the North, as did many another Southern planter. Soon after

that John went to Massachusetts to visit Uncle Hezekiah, and the next June they heard that he had been shot dead at the battle of Bunker Hill.

Cynthia wept hot tears on her coarse homespun apron; but she dried them in a sort of strange delight when Tom insisted on taking John's place, and following a certain George Washington to the war.

"It's 'Liberty or Death' we have marked on our shirts, and it's 'Liberty or Death' we have burned into our hearts," Tom afterwards wrote home; and his mother wrung her hands, and his father grimly smiled.

"Just wait, you two other boys," said the latter. "We'll have the war at our own doors before it is all over."

He said this because Will and Ebenezer wished to follow in Tom's footsteps. Cynthia longed to be a boy, so that she might have a skirmish with the "Britishers" on her own account. But she had little time for patriotic dreams.

There was a deal of work to be done in those days. Cynthia helped to weave cloth for the family gowns and trousers,

and to spin and knit yarn for the family stockings.

This kept her very busy.

In 1776, when Cynthia was eight years old, two important events had happened — important, at least, to her. One was the signing of the Declaration of Independence, which she could not quite understand; the other was the birth of a red-and-white calf in Mr. Smith's barn.

Her heart beat fast when she heard her father read from a sheet of paper which some one had given him, "All men are born free and equal"; but she went almost wild with joy when her father gave her the little calf to be all her own.

Cynthia named the calf, "Free-'n'-equal." If ever an animal deserved such a name it was this one. It scorned all authority. It kicked up its hind legs, and went careering round the plantation at its own sweet will, only coming to the barn when Cynthia's call was heard.

Free-'n'-equal was Cynthia's only playmate, for there were no other children within six miles of the Smiths.

As the calf grew and became a cow, the more loving did the two become. Cynthia told all her secrets to Free-'n'-equal, and asked her advice about many an important undertaking. She even consulted her as to the number of stitches to be put on a pair of wristlets for Tom, who had gone with General Washington to Pennsylvania.

Alas! Tom never wore those wristlets. He was one of the many who died of hunger and cold in that awful Valley Forge. Cynthia believed that Free-'n'-equal understood all her sorrow when she told her the pitiful news. Quite as much did she share her joy when, a few months later, Cynthia came flying to the barn with the news that Lafayette had come from France to help the American cause.

But again the joy vanished, and Cynthia sobbed her woe into Free-'n'-equal's sympathizing ear when Sir Henry Clinton captured Charleston, only twenty miles away. And a few months later her grief was beyond control. "For General Gates has come down to South Carolina, and father and Will

and Hezekiah have gone to fight in his army."

Free-'n'-equal shook her head, and uttered a long, low "Moo-o," which seemed plainly enough to say, "What's to become of the rest of us, my little mistress?"

Cynthia brushed away her tears in a twinkling.

"We'll take care of ourselves, that's what we'll do. Mother and I will attend to the rice; and you must do your part, and give us more milk than ever, so as to keep us strong and well."

Those were days of alarm along the Santee River, for the British soldiers were roaming all around and laying waste the country. But Cynthia was not afraid — no, not even when Lord Cornwallis came within three miles of the plantation. She said her prayers every day, and believed firmly in the guardian angels and a certain rusty gun behind the kitchen door.

She was not afraid even when a redcoat did sometimes make them an unexpected visit. She had no more fear of him than of the scarlet-breasted bird which sang above her

head when she went into the woods near by to gather sticks.

It is no wonder, then, that she was taken all aback when, one afternoon as she came home with a bundle of sticks, her mother met her and said: "Cynthia, they have been here and driven off Free-'n'-equal."

"They!" gasped Cynthia. "Who?"

"The British soldiers. They tied a rope round her horns, and dragged her to their camp. Cynthia, what shall we do?"

Cynthia uttered a sound which was like a groan and a war whoop, and darted out of the door. Along the dusty road she ran, on and on. Her yellow sunbonnet fell back on her shoulders, and her brown curls were covered with dust. One mile, two miles, three miles — on and on.

At last she reached a small house which was Lord Cornwallis's headquarters. The sentinels challenged her, but without answering a word she marched straight past them. Into the house — into the parlor — she walked. There sat Lord Cornwallis and some six of his officers, eating and drinking at a big table.

Cynthia stopped at the threshold and dropped a courtesy. Lord Cornwallis looked up and saw her. Then Miss Cynthia dropped another courtesy, and began to speak.

"I am Cynthia Smith," said she, gravely, "and your men have taken my cow, Free-'n'-equal Smith, and I've come to fetch her home, if you please."

"Your cow?" questioned Lord Cornwallis, with a wineglass in his hand.

"They carried her off by a rope," said Cynthia.

"Where do you live?" asked the general.

"Three miles away, with my mother."

"Have you no father?"

"One, and four brothers."

"Where is your father?"

"He is in General Gates's army, Mr. Lord Cornwallis."

"Oh, he is a rebel, is he?"

"Yes, sir," said Miss Cynthia, proudly.

"And where are your brothers?"

Cynthia paused. "John went to heaven, along with General Warren, from the top of Bunker Hill," said she, with a trembling lip.

One of the younger officers smiled, but he stopped when he saw Lord Cornwallis's eyes flashing at him.

"And Tom went to heaven out of Valley Forge, where he was helping General Washington," added Cynthia, softly.

"Where are the other two?"

"In the army, Mr. Lord Cornwallis." Cynthia's head was erect again.

"Rank rebels," said Cornwallis.

"Yes, they are."

"Hum! And you're a bit of a rebel too, I am thinking, if the truth were told."

Miss Cynthia nodded with emphasis.

"And yet you come here for your cow," said Cornwallis. "I have no doubt but that she is rebel beef herself."

Cynthia paused a moment, and then said: "I think she would be if she had two less legs, and not quite so much horn. That is, she'd be a rebel; but maybe you wouldn't call her beef then."

Lord Cornwallis laughed a good-natured, hearty laugh that made the room ring. All his officers laughed too. Miss Cynthia wondered what the fun might be; but, in no

wise abashed, she stood firm on her two little feet, and waited until the merriment should be over. At last, however, her face began to flush a little. What if these fine gentlemen were making fun of her, after all?

Lord Cornwallis saw the red blood mount in her cheeks, and he stopped laughing at once. "Come here, my little maid," said he; "I myself will see to it that your cow is safe in your barn to-morrow morning. And perhaps," he added, taking off a pair of silver knee-buckles which he wore, "perhaps you will accept these as a gift from one who wishes no harm to these rebels."

Then he rose and held his wineglass above his head. "Here's to the health of as fair a little rebel as we shall meet, and God bless her!" said he.

She dropped her final courtesy, clasped the shining buckles, and out of the room she vanished, sure in her mind that Free-'n'-equal was all her own once more.

As for those buckles, they are this very day in the hands of one of Cynthia's descendants. For there was a real Cynthia, as well as a real Lord Cornwallis.

ABOU BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL

LEIGH HUNT

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel, writing in a book of gold: —
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" — The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spake more low,
But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,

And showed the names whom love of God
had blest,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

THE THREE GOLDEN APPLES

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

DID you ever hear of the golden apples, that grew in the garden of the Hesperides? Ah, those were such apples as would bring a great price if any of them could be found growing in the orchards of nowadays!

But there is not a graft of that wonderful fruit on a single tree in the wide world. Not so much as a seed of those apples exists any longer.

Children, nevertheless, used to listen, open-mouthed, to stories of the golden apple tree, and resolved to discover it, when they should be big enough. Young men, wishing to do a braver thing than any of their fellows, set out in quest of this fruit. Many of them returned no more; none of them brought back the apples. No wonder that they found it im-

possible to gather them! It is said that there was a dragon beneath the tree, with a hundred terrible heads, fifty of which were always on the watch, while the other fifty slept.

In my opinion it was hardly worth running so much risk for the sake of a solid golden apple. Had the apples been sweet, mellow, and juicy, indeed that would be another matter. There might then have been some sense in trying to get at them, in spite of the hundred-headed dragon.

At the time of which I am going to speak, a great hero was wandering through the pleasant land of Italy, with a mighty club in his hand, and a bow and quiver slung across his shoulders. He was wrapt in the skin of the biggest and fiercest lion ever seen, and which he himself had killed.

As he went on his way, he often inquired whether that were the right road to the famous garden. But none of the country people knew anything about the matter, and many looked as if they would have laughed at the question, if the stranger had not carried so very big a club.

So he journeyed on and on, still making the same inquiry, until, at last, he came to the brink of a river where some beautiful young women sat twining wreaths of flowers.

"Can you tell me, pretty maidens," asked the stranger, "whether this is the right way to the garden of the Hesperides?"

On hearing the stranger's question, they dropped all their flowers on the grass, and gazed at him with astonishment.

"The garden of the Hesperides!" cried one. "And pray what do you want there?"

"A certain king, who is my cousin," replied he, "has ordered me to get him three of the golden apples."

"And do you know," asked the damsel, "that a terrible dragon, with a hundred heads, keeps watch under the golden apple tree?"

"I know it well," answered the stranger, calmly. "But, from my cradle upward, it has been my business to deal with serpents and dragons."

"Go back," cried they all, "go back to your own home! No matter for the golden apples! No matter for the king, your cruel

cousin! We do not wish the dragon with the hundred heads to eat you up!"

The stranger seemed to grow impatient. He carelessly lifted his mighty club, and let it fall upon a rock that lay half buried in the earth, near by. With the force of that idle blow the great rock was shattered all to pieces. It cost the stranger no more effort to do this than for one of the young maidens to touch her sister's rosy cheek with a flower.

"Perhaps you may have heard of me before," said he, modestly. "My name is Hercules."

"We had already guessed it," replied the maidens; "for your wonderful deeds are known all over the world. Come, sisters, let us crown the hero with flowers!"

Then they flung beautiful wreaths over his stately head and mighty shoulders, so that the lion's skin was almost entirely covered with roses. They took his ponderous club and entwined it about with the brightest, softest, and most fragrant blossoms.

And Hercules was rejoiced, as any other

hero would have been, to know that these fair young girls had heard of his valiant deeds. But still he was not satisfied.

"Dear maidens," said he, "now that you know my name, will you not tell me how I am to reach the garden of the Hesperides?"

"Ah! must you go so soon?" they exclaimed.

Hercules shook his head.

"I must depart now," said he.

"We will then give you the best directions we can," replied the damsels. "You must go to the seashore, and find out the Old One, and compel him to inform you where the golden apples are to be found."

"The Old One!" repeated Hercules, laughing at this odd name. "And, pray, who may the Old One be?"

"Why, the Old Man of the Sea, to be sure!" answered one of the damsels. "He has fifty daughters, who have sea-green hair, and taper away like fishes. You must talk with this Old Man of the Sea. He is a seafaring person, and knows all about the garden of the Hesperides; for it is situ-

ated in an island which he is often in the habit of visiting."

Hercules then asked whereabouts the Old One was most likely to be met with. When the damsels had informed him, he thanked them for all their kindness, and immediately set forth upon his journey.

But, before he was out of hearing, one of the maidens called after him: —

"Keep fast hold of the Old One when you catch him! Do not be astonished at anything that may happen. Only hold him fast, and he will tell you what you wish to know."

Hercules traveled constantly onward, over hill and dale, and through the solitary woods. Persons who happened to be passing through the forest must have been affrighted to see him smite the trees with his great club. With but a single blow the trunk was riven as by the stroke of lightning, and the broad boughs came rustling and crashing down.

Hastening forward, without ever pausing or looking behind, he by and by heard the sea roaring at a distance. At this sound

he increased his speed, and soon came to a beach, where the great surf waves tumbled themselves upon the hard sand in a long line of snowy foam. And what should Hercules espy there but an old man, fast asleep!

But was it really and truly an old man? Certainly, at first sight, it looked very like one; but, on closer inspection, it rather seemed to be some kind of a creature that lived in the sea. For, on his legs and arms, there were scales, such as fishes have. He was web-footed and web-fingered, after the fashion of a duck. His long beard, being of a greenish tinge, had more the appearance of a tuft of seaweed than of an ordinary beard. But Hercules, the instant he set eyes on this strange figure, was convinced that it could be no other than the Old One, who was to direct him on his way.

Yes, it was the selfsame Old Man of the Sea whom the maidens had talked to him about. Thanking his stars for the lucky accident of finding the old fellow asleep, Hercules stole on tiptoe towards him, and caught him by the arm and leg.

"Tell me," cried he, before the Old One

was well awake, "which is the way to the garden of the Hesperides?"

As you may easily imagine, the Old Man of the Sea awoke in a fright. All of a sudden he seemed to disappear out of Hercules' grasp, and he found himself holding a stag by the fore and hind leg! But still he kept fast hold. Then the stag disappeared, and in its stead there was a sea bird, fluttering and screaming, while Hercules clutched it by the wing and claw! But the bird could not get away.

Immediately there was an ugly three-headed dog, which growled and barked at Hercules, and snapped fiercely at the hands by which he held him! But Hercules would not let him go.

In another minute, instead of the fierce three-headed dog, what should appear but Geryon, the six-legged man monster, kicking at Hercules with five of his legs, in order to get the remaining one at liberty! But Hercules held on.

By and by, no Geryon was there, but a huge snake; and it twisted about the hero's neck and body, and threw its tail high into the air,

and opened its deadly jaws as if to devour him outright. But Hercules was no whit disheartened, and squeezed the great snake so tightly that he soon began to hiss with pain.

You must understand that the Old Man of the Sea had the power of taking any shape he pleased. When he found himself so roughly seized by Hercules, he had been in hopes of putting him into such terror that the hero would be glad to let him go.

If Hercules had relaxed his grasp, the Old One would have plunged down to the very bottom of the sea. But, as Hercules held on so stubbornly, and only squeezed the Old One so much the tighter at every change of shape, he finally thought it best to reappear in his own figure. So there he was again, a fishy, scaly, web-footed sort of personage, with something like a tuft of seaweed at his chin.

"Pray, what do you want with me?" cried the Old One. "Why do you squeeze me so hard? Let me go, this moment."

"My name is Hercules!" roared the mighty stranger. "And you will never get out of my clutch, until you tell me

the nearest way to the garden of the Hesperides!"

When the old fellow heard who it was that had caught him, he saw, with half an eye, that it would be necessary to tell him everything that he wanted to know. He therefore made no more attempts to escape, but told the hero how to find the garden of the Hesperides.

"You must go on," said the Old Man of the Sea, "till you come in sight of a very tall giant, who holds the sky on his shoulders. And the giant, if he happens to be in the humor, will tell you exactly where the garden of the Hesperides lies."

Thanking the Old Man of the Sea, and begging his pardon for having squeezed him so roughly, the hero resumed his journey. He met with a great many strange adventures, but finally came to an island in the midst of the sea. And on that island what do you think he saw?

No; you will never guess it, not if you were to try fifty thousand times! This was the most marvelous spectacle that had ever been seen by Hercules, in the whole

course of his wonderful travels. It was a giant!

But such an intolerably big giant! A giant as tall as a mountain; so vast a giant that the clouds rested about his midst, like a girdle, and hung like a hoary beard from his chin. And, most wonderful of all, the giant held up his great hands and appeared to support the sky, which, so far as Hercules could see through the clouds, was resting on his head!

Just then a breeze wafted away the clouds from before the giant's face, and Hercules beheld it with all its enormous features; eyes each of them as big as a lake, a nose a mile long, and a mouth of the same width.

Poor fellow! He had evidently stood there a long while. An ancient forest had been growing and decaying around his feet; and oak trees, six or seven centuries old, had sprung from the acorn, and forced themselves between his toes.

The giant now looked down from the far height of his great eyes, and, perceiving Hercules, roared out, in a voice that resembled thunder: —

"Who are you, down at my feet there? And whence do you come?"

"I am Hercules!" thundered back the hero, in a voice pretty nearly or quite as loud as the giant's own. "And I am seeking for the garden of the Hesperides!"

"Ho! ho! ho!" roared the giant, in a fit of immense laughter. "I am Atlas, the mightiest giant in the world! And I hold the sky upon my head!"

"So I see," answered Hercules. "But, can you show me the way to the garden of the Hesperides?"

"What do you want there?" asked the giant.

"I want three of the golden apples," shouted Hercules, "for my cousin, the king."

"There is nobody but myself," quoth the giant, "that can go to the garden of the Hesperides and gather the golden apples. If it were not for this little business of holding up the sky, I would make half a dozen steps across the sea and get them for you."

"You are very kind," replied Hercules.

"And cannot you rest the sky upon a mountain?"

"None of them are quite high enough," said Atlas, shaking his head. "But, if you were to take your stand on the summit of that nearest one, your head would be pretty nearly on a level with mine. You seem to be a fellow of some strength. What if you should take my burden on your shoulders, while I do your errand for you?"

"Is the sky very heavy?" Hercules inquired.

"Why, not particularly so, at first," answered the giant, shrugging his shoulders. "But it gets to be a little burdensome after a thousand years!"

"And how long a time," asked the hero, "will it take you to get the golden apples?"

"Oh, that will be done in a few moments," cried Atlas. "I shall take ten or fifteen miles at a stride, and be at the garden and back again before your shoulders begin to ache."

"Well, then," answered Hercules, "I will climb the mountain behind you there, and relieve you of your burden."

Accordingly, without more words, the sky was shifted from the shoulders of Atlas, and placed upon those of Hercules.

When this was safely accomplished, the first thing that the giant did was to stretch himself; next, he slowly lifted one of his feet out of the forest that had grown up around it; then, the other.

He began to caper, and leap, and dance for joy at his freedom; flinging himself nobody knows how high into the air, and floundering down again with a shock that made the earth tremble. Then he laughed with a thunderous roar that was echoed from the mountains, far and near, as if they and the giant had been so many rejoicing brothers.

When his joy had a little subsided, he stepped into the sea; ten miles at the first stride, which brought him mid-leg deep; and ten miles at the second, when the water came just above his knees; and ten miles more at the third, by which he was immersed nearly to his waist. This was the greatest depth of the sea.

Hercules watched the giant, as he still

went onward, until at last the gigantic shape faded entirely out of view.

Hercules began to consider what he should do, in case Atlas should be drowned in the sea, or if he were to be stung to death by the dragon with the hundred heads. If any such misfortune were to happen, how could he ever get rid of the sky? And, by the by, its weight began already to be a little heavy on his head and shoulders.

"I really pity the poor giant," thought Hercules. "If it wearies me so much in ten minutes, how must it have wearied him in a thousand years!"

He began to be afraid that the giant would never come back. For, of course, as you will easily understand, Hercules had an immense responsibility on his mind, as well as a weight on his head and shoulders.

Why, if he did not stand very still, and keep the sky immovable, the sun would perhaps be put ajar! Or, after nightfall, a great many of the stars might be loosened from their places, and shower down, like fiery rain, upon the people's heads! And how ashamed would the hero be, if,

owing to his unsteadiness, the sky should crack!

I know not how long it was before, to his unspeakable joy, he beheld the huge shape of the giant, like a cloud, on the far-off edge of the sea. At his nearer approach Atlas held up his hand, in which Hercules could perceive three magnificent golden apples, as big as pumpkins, all hanging from one branch.

"I am glad to see you again," shouted Hercules, when the giant was within hearing. "So you have got the golden apples?"

"Certainly, certainly," answered Atlas; "and very fair apples they are. I took the finest that grew on the tree."

"I heartily thank you for your trouble," replied Hercules. "And now, as I have a long way to go, and am rather in haste, — and as the king, my cousin, is anxious to receive the golden apples, — will you be kind enough to take the sky off my shoulders again?"

"Why, as to that," said the giant, tossing the golden apples into the air twenty miles high, or thereabouts, and catching them as

they came down, — "as to that, my good friend, I consider you a little unreasonable. Cannot I carry the golden apples to the king, your cousin, much quicker than you could? And, besides, I have no fancy for burdening myself with the sky just now."

Here Hercules grew impatient, and gave a great shrug of his shoulders. It being now twilight, you might have seen two or three stars tumble out of their places. Everybody on earth looked upward in affright, thinking that the sky might be going to fall next. "Oh, that will never do!" cried Giant Atlas, with a great roar of laughter. "I have not let fall so many stars within the last five centuries. By the time you have stood there as long as I did, you will begin to learn patience!"

"What!" shouted Hercules, very wrathfully, "do you intend to make me bear this burden forever?"

"We will see about that one of these days," answered the giant. "At all events, you ought not to complain, if you have to bear it the next hundred years, or perhaps the next thousand. I bore it a good while

longer, in spite of the backache. Well, then, after a thousand years, if I happen to feel in the mood, we may possibly shift about again."

"Well," cried Hercules, "just take the sky upon your head one instant, will you? I want to make a cushion of my lion's skin for the weight to rest upon."

"That's no more than fair, and I'll do it!" quoth the giant; for he had no unkind feeling toward Hercules. "For just five minutes, then, I'll take back the sky. Only for five minutes, recollect! I have no idea of spending another thousand years as I spent the last."

Ah, the thick-witted old rogue of a giant! He threw down the golden apples, and received back the sky, from the head and shoulders of Hercules, upon his own. And Hercules picked up the three golden apples, that were as big or bigger than pumpkins, and straightway set out on his journey homeward, without paying the slightest heed to the thundering tones of the giant, who bellowed after him to come back. Another forest sprang up around his feet, and

grew ancient there; and again might be seen oak trees, of six or seven centuries old, that had grown thus aged betwixt his enormous toes.

And there stands the giant to this day; or, at any rate, there stands a mountain as tall as he, and which bears his name; and when the thunder rumbles about its summit, we may imagine it to be the voice of Giant Atlas, bellowing after Hercules!

— *Adapted.*

DAFFODILS

William Wordsworth

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle in the Milky Way,

They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee: —
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company;
I gazed — and gazed — but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude,
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

Go to the ant, thou sluggard;
Consider her ways, and be wise:
Which having no chief,
Overseer, or ruler,
Provideth her meat in the summer,
And gathereth her food in the harvest.

— *Bible.*

NOTES

Coming and Going. — In reproducing this story children unconsciously use the author's words. It is remarkable how soon they are able to reproduce it almost word for word. Time spent in reproducing it orally is well spent, because the thought is so adequately expressed that it is worth while to hold the form in memory.

September. — Commit to memory.

Brownie and the Cook. — This selection and the one entitled "Brownie on the Ice" are taken from "Adventures of a Brownie," by Miss Mulock. This is a book that every child enjoys, and the work on this lesson is not complete till the children know that there is such a book and that it may be obtained for a very small sum of money.

The two stanzas on page 22 should be given immediately after "Brownie and the Cook," while the thought of the *brownie* is in mind.

The Anxious Leaf. — This selection has the same qualities as "Coming and Going," and should be treated in the same way. Encourage the child to reproduce it in the author's words rather than in his own.

My Heart Leaps Up. — These lines express the poet's wish that his early love for nature may never die. Read this poem again in connection with "Daffodils."

The Ugly Duckling. — This selection is more difficult in its form of expression than those that precede it or than many of those that follow it. The story itself is very easily grasped.

If children are kept constantly on reading matter that contains very easy words and sentence forms, they learn to read smoothly; but it will be found that they gain little power to attack more difficult reading matter.

On the other hand, if they are kept constantly on reading matter which is difficult in form of expression, they gain in power to get thought from such matter; but lose in that smoothness and fluency so desirable in oral reading. The remedy is to alternate the two varieties.

Many children are unable to make satisfactory progress in arithmetic and geography in the third and fourth grades and even much higher, because they cannot read the text-books. To obviate this they must learn early to make out difficult words without the aid of the teacher, and they must acquire the power mainly in the time devoted to the study and recitation of reading. Mere work on words has no intrinsic interest. In class work a certain interest may be infused into it by skillful devices, but it is difficult to get children to study out words in their study period; while, at the same time, it is of the utmost importance that they should learn to do so.

This story of Andersen's possesses so vital an interest that children show great persistence in overcoming its difficulties. When they get started on it in class, they read ahead in study time to get the story, thus putting forth, of their own will, that persistent effort so rare in children and so valuable in its effect upon their development if it can be secured.

A long time may therefore be spent very profitably on this lesson. It should not, however, be dwelt upon to the point of tiresomeness. It is better to leave it for a while and then return to it. Because of its abiding interest, the children will return to it gladly, and

remember every incident it contains long after the ordinary reading lesson has faded utterly from their minds.

Penn's Treaty with the Indians. — The children hear and read much of the treachery and cruelty of the Indians in the early history of our country, and but little if any of the extenuating circumstances. This lesson presents an instance of what Indians did when treated with that justice which we accord to civilized man as his right.

A Child's Dream of a Star. — Kingsley, than whom no writer is more beloved by children, says, in his "Water Babies," that children will love a story if it is sweet and sad. This story possesses these two qualities, without leaving a feeling of abiding sadness. The teacher should study it until she is filled with its beauty and charm before attempting to teach it.

Joan of Arc. — Jō ăn′, Dōm̲ re mÿ′, Or lā ŏn, R*h*ēims̲. More than two thousand books have been written about Joan of Arc, and still people are ready to read new books about her.

October's Bright Blue Weather. — This selection should be read in October and memorized.

Black Beauty. — "Bran mash." A mixture of bran and water. — "Niter." A white salt; saltpeter. — "Stand." A waiting place for cabs and other vehicles. — "Well-littered." Thickly bedded with straw. — "Farrier." A veterinary surgeon. — "Threepenny bit." A coin equal in value to six cents. — "Park chair." A two-wheeled vehicle drawn by one horse, used for pleasure driving.

A Visit from St. Nicholas. — Donder and Blitzen, German names for thunder and lightning.

The Three Kings. — This poem should be read near Christmas time. Before giving it to the children the teacher should read and reread it until she is familiar with every shade of thought which it contains. She is ready to teach it when she can read it expressively. It should be read to the children as a whole before they attempt to read it. When they have heard it read, they are ready to study it line by line.

If possible show the pupils a pretty box made to hold jewelry or other toilet articles to explain the caskets mentioned in the third stanza. Recall to their memory blossoming fruit trees, and show what a turban is like by draping a small shawl on a pupil's head. If the children are not interested in this poem, seek the cause somewhere else than in the children or the poem.

Hagen Walder. — This lesson should be productive of a feeling of sympathy for such poor children, while at the same time its happy ending renders it not too saddening in its effect.

Fable of the Fox and the Crane. — Fables are written with a distinct moral purpose. While it is not well to make this moral too prominent, the teacher should be sure that the children appreciate the underlying motive in the fable.

The Owl and the Pussy-Cat. — "Bong tree" and "runcible" are terms coined for a mysterious and humorous effect.

Down to Sleep. — This will be found to be most interesting if read in November. Appeal to the children's experiences. They have all seen the light snow which falls in the morning and vanishes from sight when the sun grows warm. They all know what it means to involuntarily step softly in a silent place.

Hiawatha's Sailing. — "Hīawatha." — "Taquamē′naw." — "Gheezis." The sun. — "Robes of darkness." Dark foliage. — "My beauty." His birch canoe. — "Cheemaun′." A birch canoe. — "Moon of leaves." May. — "Pauwāting." Sault Sainte Marie.

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod. — For the proper reading of this poem it is necessary to remember that it is a lullaby sung or spoken by a mother to her child in the cradle.

Jack Frost. — Read this selection in very cold frosty weather.

St. Christopher and the Christ Child. — "On their way to Jerusalem." Whither they were going on a pilgrimage to the tomb of Christ.

This selection will have an added interest if read near Christmas time.

Old Aunt Mary's. — "Me and you." Why are these words quoted? — "Redheads." Red-headed woodpeckers. — "Raised." A provincial term for *mounted* or *flew up*. — "Clearing sky." Sky over a piece of ground from which the trees have been cut. — "Loll." To move lazily. — "Tell the boys to come." These are the words of a direct quotation, and hence the quotation marks. In the cases noted above does the same reason apply?

The Dog of Montargis. — Mōnt är gis (-zhē). — Aubrey (ō brā). — Mōnt dī dier (-dyā). — Siëur dẽ När săc. Ma câire′.

This is a lesson which requires careful teaching. The teacher must help the children to realize that old time when people attempted to mete out justice in so strange a way. The intrinsic interest of this story is such that it will bear the strain of being dwelt upon for a considerable time.

A Tribute to a Dog. — While it is not at all necessary in most cases to take up the lessons in the particular order in which they are given, it is desirable to take this lesson immediately after "The Dog of Montargis." "The Dog of Montargis" is concrete and particular. This is a general statement of the thought contained there, and children are not spontaneously interested in general statements, but the concrete illustration will prepare their minds for the general truth contained in "A Tribute to a Dog."

Holland. — This lesson is intended to prepare the children somewhat for "A Leak in the Dike." The scenes portrayed in that poem and the terms used are so foreign to the child's thought as to hinder him in grasping the story, which is simple in itself, and very delightful to children when they once surmount the obstacles presented by the unfamiliar terms.

A Leak in the Dike. — "Dike." Holland (the Lowlands) was protected from sea by a line of walls, known as the dikes. — "Sluices." Water gates. — "Turf." Dried roots and earth used as fuel. — "Or they would not hold you long." *You* refers to the angry waters mentioned above. — "Mortal fear." The fear of death.

Barbara Frietchie. — "Frietchie" (*Frē'chē*). — "Flapped in the morning wind." Note the contrast between *morning wind* and noon. — "Peace and order and beauty." The sense becomes quite clear by inserting *may* before *peace*. — "Thy symbol of light and law." The stars and stripes. — "Thy stars below." The stars in the flag.

In the last three couplets the pupil must bear in mind that he is addressing the flag.

Abou Ben Adhem and the Angel. — "May his tribe increase." May there be many like him. — "Exceed-

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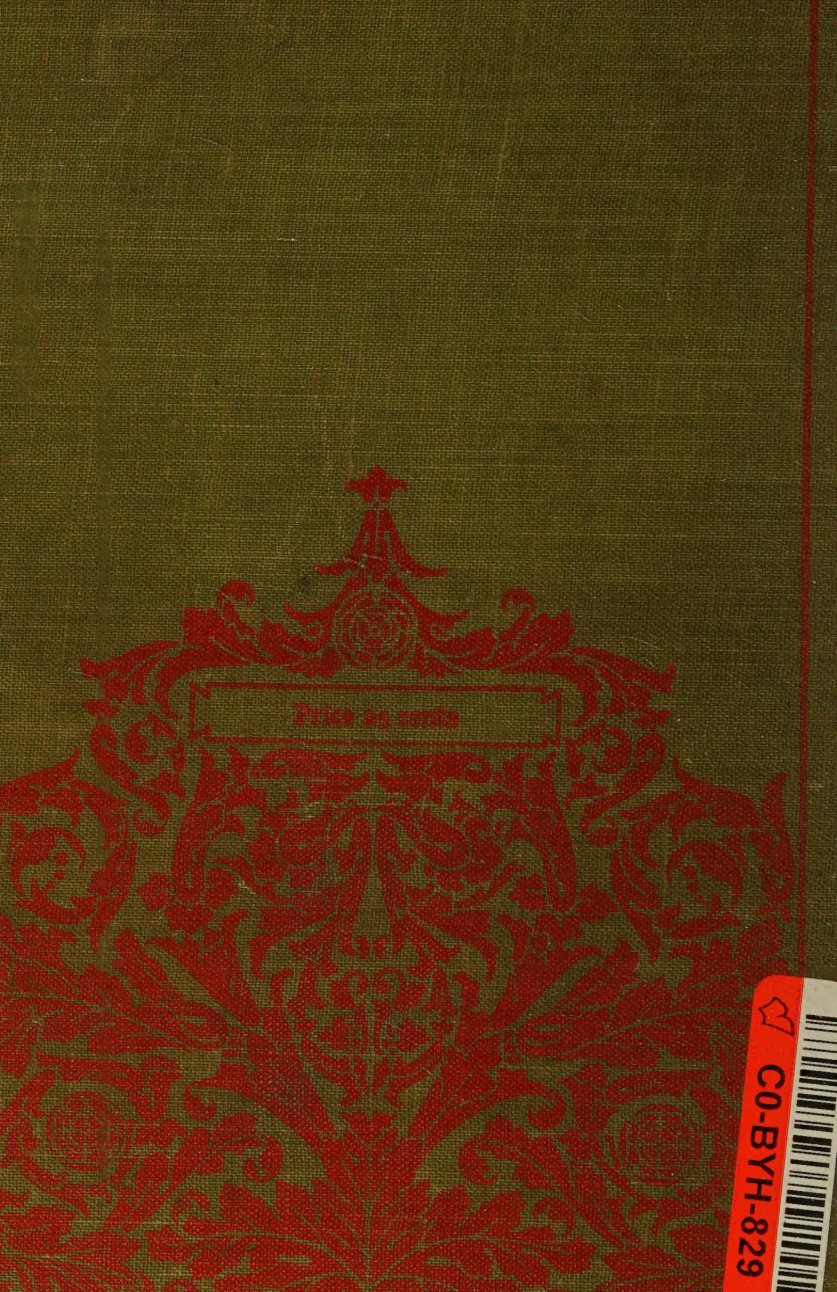
ing peace had made Ben Adhem bold." A clear conscience had removed from Ben Adhem all fear of the supernatural; and therefore he addressed the angel boldly. To bring this out to the child use some concrete illustration from the child's life, like the following, which, though simple, will strongly appeal to him. Suppose a boy has been reprimanded for pestering his sister. A few days later she comes in tears to her mother, who calls for William and says to him, "William, have you been teasing your sister again?" To which, being this time innocent, he frankly replies, "No, mother, I have not." Now "exceeding peace had made young William bold." In the case of William's guilt, the manner of his reply in confessing it would be the very opposite of Ben Adhem's in his reply to the angel. The sense of guilt would have filled young William with shame and lack of confidence. — "A look made of all sweet accord." *Accord* = harmony. Hence the meaning of the line: Abou spake more low. Why?

The Three Golden Apples. — "Hesperides" (*Hĕs pĕr' ĭ-dez*). The daughters of Hesperus. — "Old Man of the Sea." Nereus (*Nē' roos*), father of the fifty Nereids, the nymphs of the Mediterranean. — "Atlas." A giant who was condemned to bear the heavens upon his shoulders. — "Hercules" (*Hēr' kū lēz*). The most celebrated hero of antiquity, famous for his enormous strength.

Daffodils. — Careful experiment has shown that this poem can be taught to young children. Before it is read aloud, the pictures should be made clear to the mind, and the few difficult passages explained. The first four lines of the last stanza present the greatest difficulty; but with a little care the "wealth" mentioned in the preceding stanza can be shown to be simply the pleasure of memory, which the child himself has often felt.



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